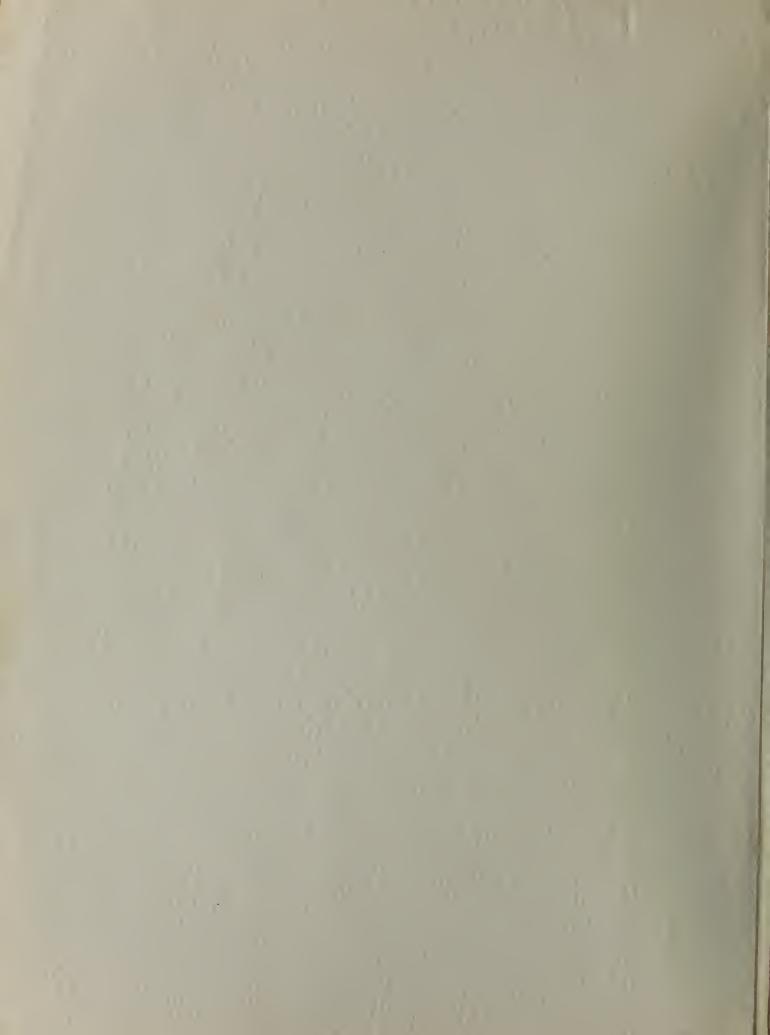
The GRAMMARIAN



SPRING 1963



GRAMMARIAN STAFF

Editor Graeme Bethune, U.111
Assistant Editor Tim Strouts, U.1V
Photographer Jean-Paul Chavy, U.lV
Sports Editor Walter Thompson, U.1V
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Upper 111 and 1V class reporter Howard Epstein
Upper 11 class reporter Stephen Greening
Upper l class reporter Ronnie Mann
Lower 7 class reporter Chris Rice
Other staff Bill Black, Gordon Steeves
Staff Adviser Mr. Clothier

Jan ! Black .

SUMMER TERM EDITORIAL PROGRESS

May, 1963

The Oxford Dictionary defines the word progress as advancement or growth and "usually, in good sense, continuous development." We would like to show our readers how the Halifax Grammar School has advanced this past year and will advance in future years. First, we must include the staff, and the Headmaster, Mr. McNeill. To put it mildly, they have greatly furthered the interests of the boys this year. Although some are leaving, we hope and trust the new staff will fill their places.

The library expanded immensely this year, with the addition of well over one hundred new books. We would like to thank all the people who so kindly donated books to this worthy cause. We, the student body, appreciate these books very much, and, as the students advance into the upper forms, they will appreciate those gifts more and more.

The field at the back of the school, which is to be ready by next Fall, is progressing slowly but surely and when finished, will make an excellent soccer and football field. Mr. McNeill hopes to have the Lower School boys playing soccer at least two days a week on the new field. The field will be invaluable next Fall when the time for our Sports Meet comes again. While on the subject of sports, it is interesting to note that there will be almost the same sports as last year, but our program will be much better organized.

It is planned that next year we are going to have a lunch hour that will last for one hour and fifteen minutes instead of the usual one hour. We also expect to have five, forty-five minute periods, and two forty minute class periods each day, instead of the customary eight forty minute periods. This extension of the lunch hour will necessitate our staying in school until twenty-five to four every afternoon, instead of three-thirty.

 Editorial - cont'd

Another important change next year will be the introduction of the company system into the Senior School. The boys will still be divided into houses, but that will only be for sports. In the company system the students are divided vertically into groups called companies. Each company will be headed by a teacher who will be responsible for the academic life of the boys. It is expected that the companies will meet every morning of the week for about ten minutes. These advancements are only some of those planned for next year.

We, on the staff of the "Grammarian", would like to wish the faculty, the students, and our readers, a very enjoyable summer vacation.

G. H. Bethune, Editor

Dear Sir:

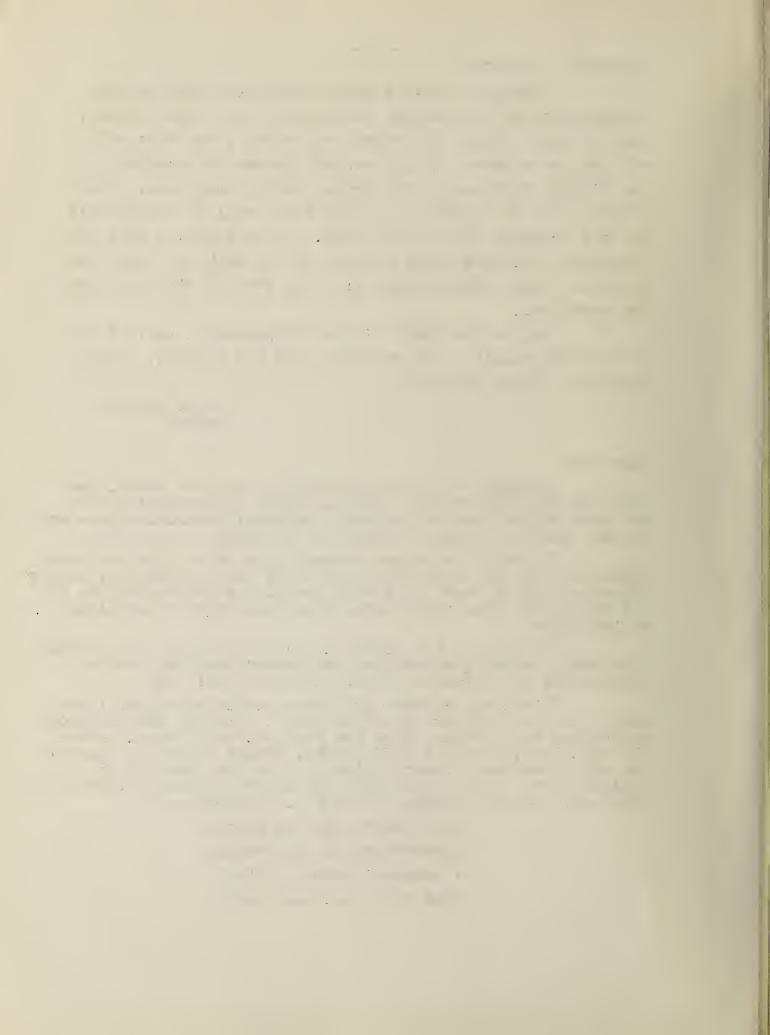
Contrary to the statement in your last issue, the ideal teacher does exist. She is easily recognisable; she has eyes in the back of her head, extremely sensitive ears and as many pairs of hands as there are children in her class.

In addition to her unusual appearance, she has many talents. She can patch up broken noses and friendships, answer 'Three of you at once' (although she claims not be to able to) and has a very good memory concerning neglected obligations of her class.

She has in her drawer an unending supply of Kleenex (for men), pencils, rulers and bus tickets and she always knows where the football (or is it soccer ball) is.

The ideal teacher is always available at the lunch hour. At this time she is at her best. She can prevent whole sandwiches being thrown into the garbage, mark books, answer the telephone, wash out muddy socks, detect a case of chicken-pox and interview a stray caller, all in the space of 25 minutes flat. At the same time she maintains remote control in the lunch room and suffers valiantly, indigestion.

And when the day is ending Three-thirty is descending A teacher's work is o'er? What think ye, dear sirs?



HEADMASTER'S MESSAGE

The warmth and brightness of the last few days have encouraged me to assess our achievements since the start of the school year. The results of the assessment have contributed to the conclusion that 1962-1963 has been a most successful year.

The demolition of the house close to the street has brightened the front of the building and allowed the public to be aware of our existence. The recent addition of an asphalt driveway makes the entrance to the school much less hazardous. The erection of the fence has clearly marked our boundaries and serves the purpose of keeping us (and our footballs) on our own grounds. Much work has been done on the back field and, weather permitting, it will have been seeded by the time you receive this issue of the Grammarian.

I am well pleased with our academic progress at all levels. Constant hard work will be needed to maintain and raise still further the standards that have been established. I am confident that all members of the school will strive to reach and surpass these standards.

The following pages will indicate to the reader that we have not wasted our spare time. Visiting speakers, athletic and swim-meets, hockey, a concert, the formation of a School Council, and the establishment of several clubs have contributed to the lighter side of school life.

Hard work, good humour, co-operation, and an appreciation of the problems of others contribute to success and enjoyment in school. I have enjoyed my first year at the Grammar School, because we have done much to meet these four requirements. To the teachers and to the boys I say, 'Thank you for your help and co-operation during the year.'

This third edition of the Grammarian is not the least of our accomplishments. My congratulations go to the editor, his staff and the contributors.

With Best Wishes for an enjoyable vacation.

J. Russell McNeill, Headmaster.

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SCHOOL DIARY 1962 - 63

- September New members of staff were Mr. J. R. McNeill, Mr. J. Karr, Mr. P. Clothier, Miss M. Kendell, Mrs. J. Lilly, Miss E. MacDonald, Miss J. Sayer, Mrs. H. Grant, Mr. D. Hambrick, Mr. H. Whitehead.
 - School commenced.
 - 27th- Dr. Pollock talked to the Senior School about a recent trip to South America.

October

- 19th- The Senior School visited the Oceanographic Institute in Bedford.
- 24th- Mr. Pierre Joubert, A Canadian member of I.C.A.O. talked to the Senior School about his work in the Congo.
- 27th- Graham Crisp, a British schoolboy, spent the day with L. 7.
 - L2, L3 and L4 visited the Halifax Memorial Library.
- 29th- L4 and L5 took a bus tour of Halifax.
- 31st- Hallow'een L4 organized a collection for UNICEF. The Grammar School collection was the highest in the city (210.00).

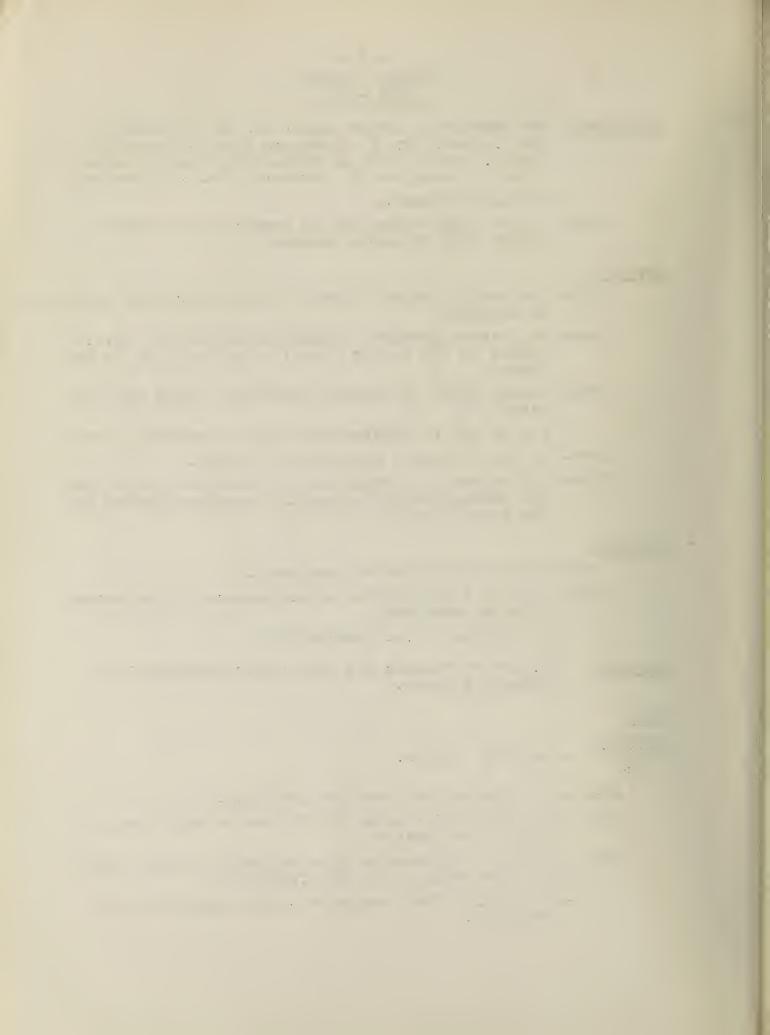
November

- 9th- School track meet at Stadacona.
- 12th- Over 80 boys attended a performance by Les Grands Ballets Canadiens. L3 visited U.S.S. Hummingbird.
- -U3 and U4 visited the Mail Order Department at December Simpson's-Sears.

1963

January & loth

- 8th,9th Parents' Nights.
 - 18th L.6 visited National Sea Products.
 - 22nd Mr. Leon Major spoke to the Senior School on the topic 'The Theatre'.
 - 29th Mr. A. W. Mackenzie spoke to Senior School about his work with F.A.O. if Afghanistan
 - The Junior Choir competed in the Halifax Music Pestival.



Feb uary

- 5th Mr. P. Clothier spoke in a Senior School Assembly about Bull Fighting in Spain.
- 21st 32 boys in the Senior School visited Province House for the opening of the Provincial Assembly. Mr. R.A. Lawrence arranged for a tour of the building at the same time.

March

- lst Dr. L.B. MacPherson addressed a Junior School
 Assembly on 'Local Birds.'
- 12th Mr. M.C. Parks addressed a Senior School assembly on the topic, 'John Milton's Schooldays.'
- 14th Concert for the whole school by the Salon Orchestra of the R.C.A. Band under the direction of Sergeant Allt.
- 26th Mayor J. Lloyd spoke to the Senior School as Liberal candidate for Halifax.

April

- 2nd Mr. R. McCleave, Progressive Conservative M.P. seeking re-election, addressed the Senior School.
- 5th Annual School Concert.
- 9th Dr. J.H. Aitchison explained the New Democratic Party platform at a Senior School Current Affairs class.

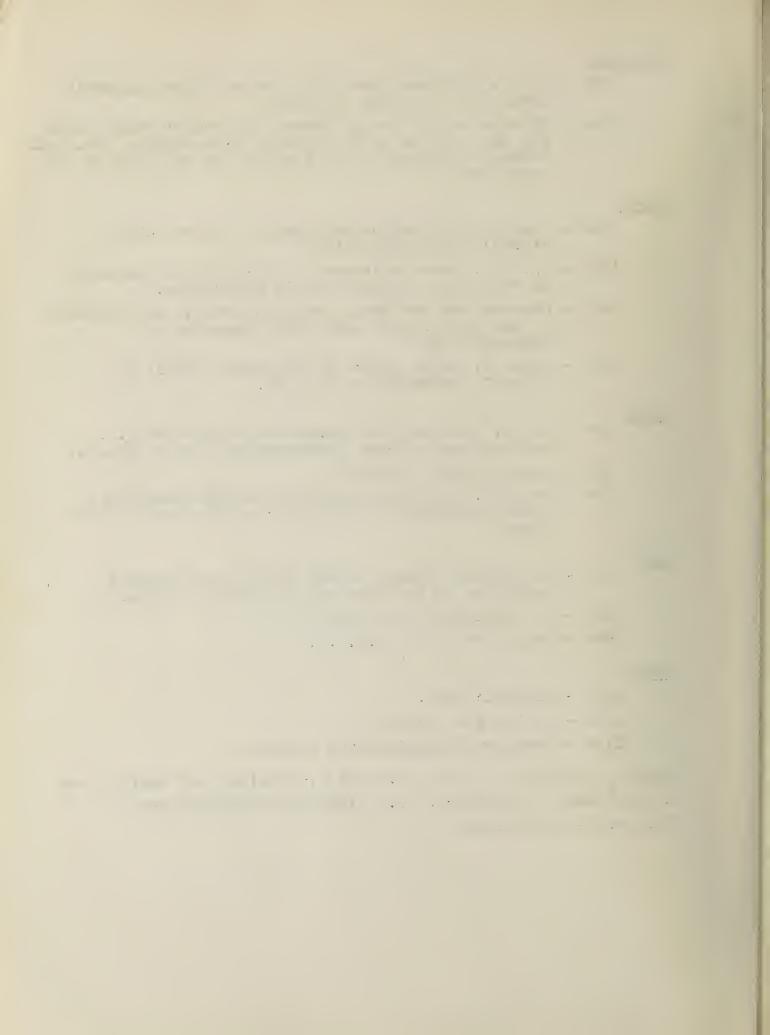
May

- 3rd Dr. Howard Trueman showed a film and answered questions on the 'Freedom from Hunger Campaign'.
- 4th L. 6 visited the Citadel.
- 24th Swim-Meet at the Y.M.C.A.

June

- 15th Athletic Meet.
- 17th Last day of school.
- 21st Provincial Examinations commence.

During the year, U.1, U.2, U.3 and U.4 visited Art Exhibitions at Dalhousie Art Gallery. L.7 visited the Observatory at St. Mary's University.



Class Report of Forms Upper $\overline{111}$ and $\overline{1V}$

Last fall, for the first time, two Forms were grouped in one honeroom. They were Forms Upper $\overline{111}$ and $\overline{1V}$. It is planned that next year the two Forms will attend classes together. The Forms are small enough (Upper $\overline{111}$ has seven boys, and Upper $\overline{1V}$ has five boys), to permit this to be done easily.

In January of this year, the total number of boys in the two Forms was raised by 6 2/3% by the addition of Tony Mazur, who came to us from Dartmouth High School.

On April 25th and 26th, Tommy Meyerhof of Upper 111, wrote three Scholarship Examinations for entrance to Upper Canada College in Toronto. We sincerely hope that he is successful in obtaining this scholarship.

Howard Epstein, U.111

Photography

(Pictures from Left to Right, Top to Bottom)

Senior Staff

L. to R. Mr. Whitehead, Mrs. Strand, Mr. Browne, Mr. Karr, Mr. Clothier, Mr. McNeill.

Absent: Mr. Hambrick.

Junior Staff

L. to R. Miss MacDonald, Mrs. Lilly, Miss Sayer, Mrs. Grant, Miss Kendell.

"Oh! for the West Indies! !!"

Students' Council

L. to R. John Kitz (pres.), Mr. Browne (advisor),
Tim Strouts (U. IV), Walter Thompson (treas.)
Howard Epstein (U. III), D'Arcy Delamere,
(vice-pres.)
John Dyer (L.7), Graeme Bethune (Gram. Ed.)
Jean-Paul Chavy (secretary), Ian Thompson (Ul).
Absent - John MacLachlan (U. II).

Open House May 3rd.

Open House May 3rd.

Further Class Report of Forms Upper 111 and 1V

Tommy Meyerhof, along with Graeme Bethune, Howard Epstein, and Gerald Rodgers, wrote another Scholarship Examination. This was the Canadian Mathematical Congress Examination. To these boys, also, we wish success.



Class Report of Forms Upper $\overline{\mbox{111}}$ and $\overline{\mbox{1V}}$

Last fall, for the first time, two Forms were grouped in one homeroom. They were Forms Upper $\overline{111}$ and $\overline{19}$. It is planned that next year the two Forms will attend classes together. The Forms are small enough (Upper $\overline{111}$ has seven boys, and Upper $\overline{19}$ has five boys), to permit this to be done easily.

In January of this year, the total number of boys in the two Forms was raised by 6 2/3% by the addition of Tony Mazur, who came to us from Dartmouth High School.

On April 25th and 26th, Tommy Meyerhof of Upper III, wrote three Scholarship Examinations for entrance to Upper Canada College in Toronto. We sincerely hope that he is successful in obtaining this scholarship.

Howard Epstein, U.III

Photography

(Pictures from Left to Right, Top to Bottom)

Senior Staff

L. to R. Mr. Whitehead, Mrs. Strand, Mr. Browne, Mr. Karr, Mr. Clothier, Mr. McNeill.

Absent: Mr. Hambrick.

Junior Staff

L. to R. Miss MacDonald, Mrs. Lilly, Miss Sayer, Mrs. Grant, Miss Kendell.

"Oh! for the West Indies! !!"

Students' Council

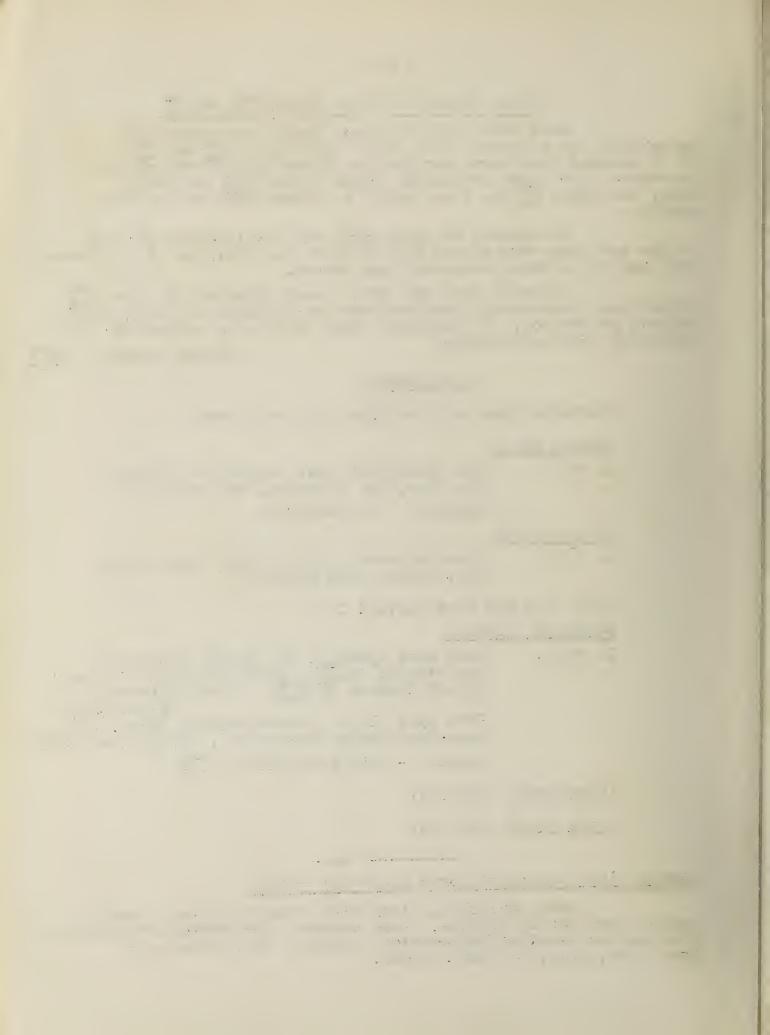
L. to R. John Kitz (pres.), Mr. Browne (advisor),
Tim Strouts (U. 17), Walter Thompson (treas.)
Howard Epstein (U. 111), D'Arcy Delamere,
(vice-pres.)
John Dyer (L.7), Graeme Bethune (Gram. Ed.)
Jean-Paul Chavy (secretary), Ian Thompson (U1).
Absent - John MacLachlan (U. 11).

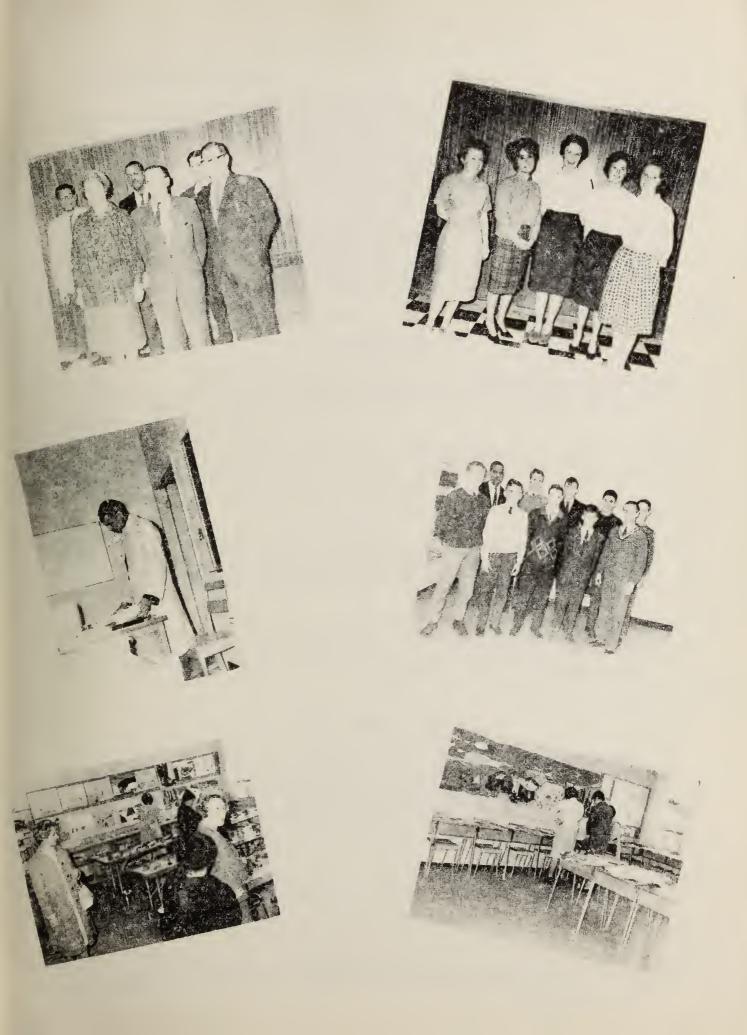
Open House May 3rd.

Open House May 3rd.

Further Class Report of Forms Upper 111 and 1V

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Class Report - cont'd

Fifteen year old, Brian Mann, top athlete and only "gym" medalist in the school, has won a total of 15 medals; 7 gold, 3 silver and 5 bronze. He has been top Intermediate Nova Scotian gymnast for two years winning 5 gold medals this year. He competed in the Senior division (17 and over) of the Maritimes Gymnastic Meet (which the Y.M.C.A. won) and placed in three events. winning points for the 'Y'. Congratulations!

On Saturday, the 25th of May, Ted Thorne's picture appeared in the Halifax Herald along with the announcement of his election to the presidency of the Central Council of Hi-Y. This makes Ted the head of all Halifax Hi-Y. "Congratulations! Ted! We are confident you will do an admirable job!!

Howard Epstein, U. III

U.2 CLASS REPORT

This last term has been an interesting one. Three excursions come to my mind in which we all participated. One to Parliament House, where we heard a discussion by different members of parliament.

We had two visits to view paintings, one on Modern Art by a well known French Artist, the other to see the works of Mr. & Mrs. Law who reside in Halifax.

We have a chess champion in our class by the name of Carl Boswick.

Incidentally, looking around at my classmates, I perceive that we no longer resemble the famous Teddy Boys of London, rather, we are proper little gentlemen with our neat, cropped hair.

Perhaps this is the time to air a grievance: - the class wishes that the Lower School teachers keep their pupils in, and give us our allotted time for our pre-lunch play period. It is frustrating to be unable to complete an exciting game.

Stephen Greening, U.2

U.1 CLASS REPORT

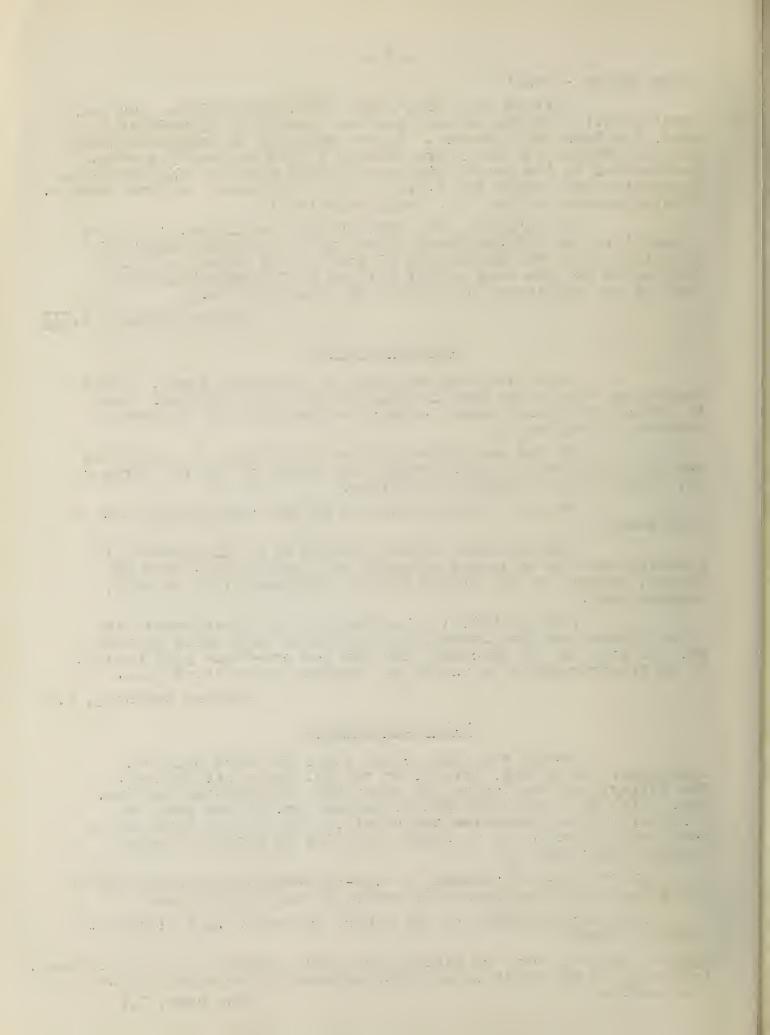
During the past school term, U.1 made only one excursion, led by Mrs. Strand, to the Dalhousie Art Gallery. The Gallery was displaying the paintings of Commander and Mrs. Law. Also in a recent Geography lesson, Mr. Strand gave an informal talk on Argentina and Brazil, a subject on which he is very well informed, as he spent much time in research there several years ago.

By the help of parents, a tape-recorder has been donated to the school which is especially useful in the French class.

The class is sorry to see Robert Cameron (R.B.) migrate to another school.

Note:- Certain boys are making uproarious commotions in all classes, resulting in the whole class being detained after school quite frequently.

Ron Mann, U.1



L.7 CLASS REPORT

After the Christmas holidays, L. 7 returned, fresh and full of vim and vigor looking forward to the long sprint home. Hockey was still being played and the majority of the class were taking part in this, our national sport. In another field in January, many of the boys helped by directing the parents when the school had its parent-teacher interviews, and did an outstanding job. In April, the main event of importance was the Concert and although L.7 did not have any single production of its own, a number of the boys participated in other performances, such as the choir, the recorder group and 'Murder in the Cathedral.' Also, in April, under the supervision of Mrs. Strand, L.7 visited Saint Mary's University to observe their telescopes and other Astronomical equipment. We had a wonderful visit and I am sure that the whole class is very grateful to Father Burke-Gaffney for lending us his valuable time, and also for his very informative talk. On the third of May, the school held its Open House and in my opinion, L. 7 had a very good display in their room. It consisted mainly of paintings, a display on whaling, and some projects that we had been doing for Mrs. Strand.

Now with exams just around the corner, L. 7 will be studying hard since to some, it may mean the difference between passing and failing the year

Chris Rice, L. 7

In the last issue of the Grammarian there was an article on our new staff. Due entirely to the fault of the author, the name and profile of Hollis Whitehead, Chemistry Teacher, was omitted from the article. Therefore, we now wish to offer our most sincere apologies to Mr. Whitehead, and to present the missing profile.

Howard Epstein, Author Graeme Bethune, Editor

Mr. Hollis Whitehead - Mr. Whitehead was born in Port of Spain, the capital of Trinidad. In 1958 he came to Canada and to Halifax's Dalhousie University. He received his B. Sc. - honors in Chemistry from Dalhousie, and is now doing research there on hydrogenation of organic compounds. Mr. Whitehead intends to continue his experimental work this summer and will have his thesis ready for September 15th. In March, the National Research Council gave Mr. Whitehead a grant of \$2,400. per year for two to five years, to get his doctorate degree. He will do the work for his degree at Dalhousie.

VENI, VIDI, VICI - NEW YORK

At Easter about two hundred and fifty high-school students went on a Y.M.C.A. sponsored trip to New York and on the Saturday before Easter, we boarded the Italian Lines ship, 'Vulcania'.

However, just as we were preparing to said, the ship's crew, along with the crews of Italian Lines ships in other ports, went on a twenty-four hour strike; we therefore spent the next

twenty-four hours tied up at Pier 21.

On Monday night, after a beautiful day at sea, we approached New York Harbour.

It was quite a thrill as we steamed nearer and nearer to the lights of New York and excitement grew as we passed a lightship anchored near the harbour entrance and finally sailed under the new Verrazano Narrows bridge, still under construction.

We docked on Tuesday morning at about eight o'clock, and after we had left the ship, we went to the King Edward Hotel, where we were to stay in New York.

The day we arrived we went to have lunch at the Delegates' Dining Room at the U.N. building and from there we went to a lecture on the U.N. at the World Affairs Centre.

That night, we saw New York from the top of the seventy-story R.C.A. building and from there went to Radio City Music Hall.

On Wednesday the group, having had about thirteen hours' sleep in the last two days, rolled out of bed and assembled at the U.N. building at nine-thirty. However, a very interesting speech given by the U.N. representative from Sierra Leone, compensated for the early hour. The speaker made it clear where the newly independent African nations stand on colonialism and South Africa's racial policy.

On the same afternoon, most of the group went on an interesting tour of Manhatten Island, during which we saw many famous sights from Columbia University to Battery Park.

During the free time on Thursday morning I saw the Guggenheim Museum, and also the Metropolitan Museum of Art, a huge place which would take two weeks of exploring if one were to look at every major piece of art on display.

That afternoon, the group went to the U.N. to hear speeches from a Civil Servant employed at the U.N., and from a member of the Canadian Mission to the U.N. That night we went to see a play.

In free time on Friday morning, two of my friends and I went to the Museum of Natural History, probably one of the best in its field. We were fortunate to have as our companion our chaperone, who is a naturalist with the Nova Scotia Museum of Science.

In the afternoon, the group toured the U.N. building and that night many of us went to Coney Island.

Because we had been delayed one day by the strike, the trip leader tried his best to arrange for us to stay another day. However, this plan fell through, and we left on Saturday as had been originally scheduled.

When we left Idlewild Airport it was sunny and warm (79 degrees), but when we landed at Halifax International Airport

 there was a cold drizzle and there was still some snow on the ground. This, along with the absence of planes due to the bad weather, made the Halifax Airport look like an airport in Baffin Island. No wonder some Americans think that Canada is a land of perpetual snow and ice.

Stephen Cooper, Upper III

STUDENT COUNCIL REPORT

The Student Council has succeeded in accomplishing many worthwhile things in the relatively short time of its existence. Its first meeting was held on November the sixth of this year, just a few days after being founded, and under its first executive, elected by the boys from L. 7 up, it wasted no time in getting down to business.

The purpose of this report is to give the readers of the "Grammarian" a summary of its activities during the year.

For those who do not know the executive on the council they are listed below with their respective positions:-

Executive:	President	Joh	nn F. Kitz
	VPresident	D.	Delamere
	Treasurer	\overline{W} .	Thompson
	Secretary	J.	P. Chavy
	Ed. of		
	Grammarian	G.	Bethune

U. 4 T. Strouts U. 3 H. Epstein U. 2 J. MacLachlan U. 1 J. Thompson

L. 7 J. Dyer

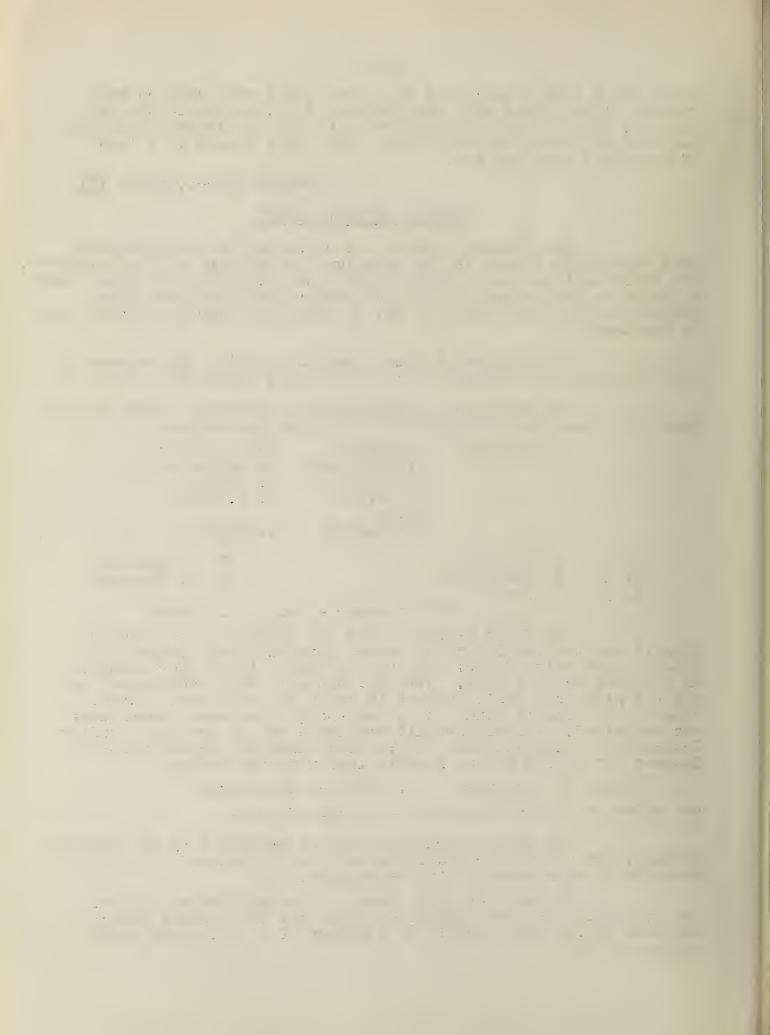
Staff advisor - Mr. A. C. Browne

The first problem faced and solved by the Student Council was the total lack of money. Student cards reaped in \$26.00. The sale of apples at recess and at lunch hour brought in a steady \$2.00 a week. With Mr. Browne's kind assistance, we built a ping-pong table and set it up in the basement. Later, under W. Thompson's guidance, a ping-pong 'knock-out' tournament was organized. The winner will receive a trophy from the Student Council. The Student Council also organized the School Crest Contest won by Ted Thorne's maple leaf with the motto:-

"Inito ad discendum . . . exito ad serviendum" for which he received a \$10.00 book certificate.

The chess tournament was not organized by the Student Council, but the winner, Carl Boswick will be awarded a trophy given by it on request of the organizers.

The sale of candy bars, replacing that of apples, has literally taken the school by storm and the Student Council has made \$20.00 clear profit in a matter of a few, short weeks because of it.



Next year, the Student Council will not have to start from 'scratch' so that it will be able to go on to bigger and better things immediately on the opening of school, but I think that the Student Council this year has done a very commendable job; and especially Mr. Browne, the Staff Advisor has devoted a tremendous amount of time.

J. P. Chavy, Secretary

THE ELECTRONICS CLUB

Early this year Mr. Browne started an Electronics Club at the School for those boys in the Upper School who were interested. The number of boys who turned up was not very large. However, this was to be expected. The Club, which meets every Friday under Mr. Browne's supervision, now has about five enthusiastic members. Douglas Kernaghan, one of the most active members, arranged for Mr. Jansen, Head of the Radio, T.V. Service Department of Simpson Sears, to come on a number of occasions to speak to the boys and bring along some of his expensive electronic equipment. The high-light of these talks was a trip out to his house in Herring Cove for a look at his "Radio shack", one large room jam-packed with radio and T.V. equipment, ranging from a bulb tester to an underwater sound detection system. He let us take away a good deal of "junk" as well as a working radio, all of which t rned out to be most useful to us.

In the club, different members have been assigned different projects to work on. Some, of interest, are a capacitor tester, a "B" battery eliminator, a solar powered radio and a battery powered radio. A test laboratory, which includes a multimeter as well as other test equipment, is slowly being built up.

In the future it is hoped that the Club will greatly expand and improve.

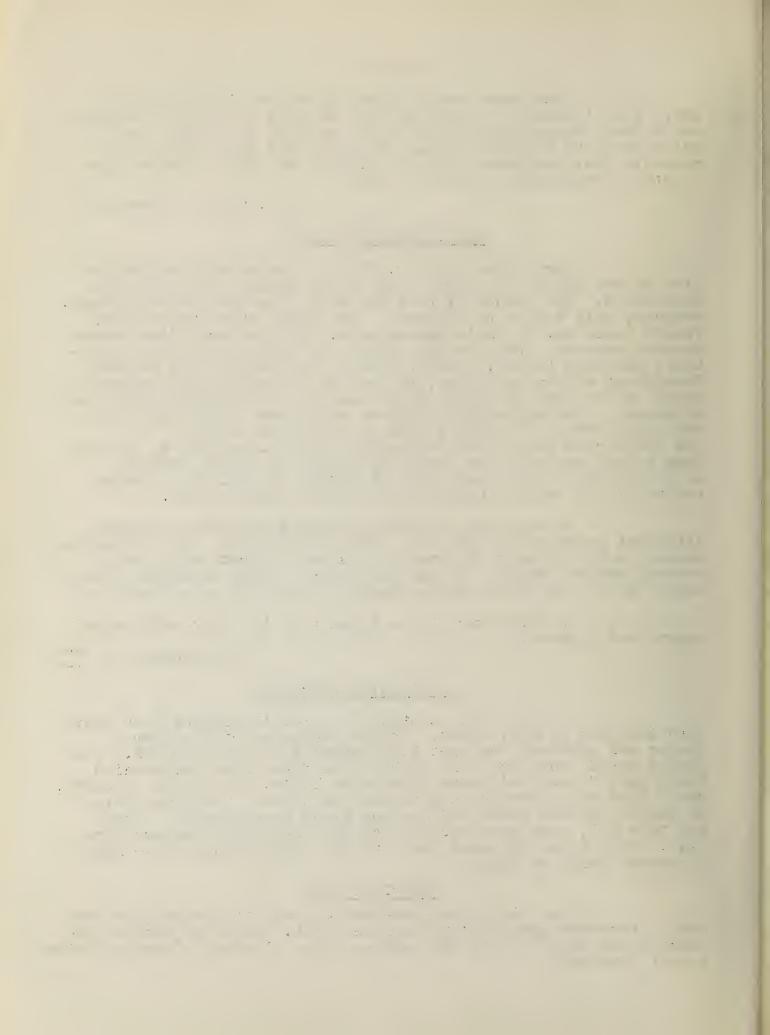
T. Meyerhof, U. III

L 3's Bird Watching

L. 3 has done a study of birds throughout this year with the help of Mrs. Grant. At the beginning of the year a feeder was procured and kept full during the winter months. The pupils noted when each kind of bird was first seen and studied the types of nest and where these were built. The kinds of birds, their food and migration habits were examined. The composition of their body was noted and ancient birds were studied. Totop all this off, each member of the class joined the "Audobon Bird Club." They received books and with the help of these have made a careful study of birds.

RECORDER CLUB

Mrs. Nixon has organized a group of the younger boys into a recorder group led by Sergeant Allt. We heard them at the concert and hope to hear them again at the closing. Congratulations to all concerned.



SCHOOL CONCERT

On April 5th, the combined efforts of the Halifax Grammar School - teachers and pupils, resulted in an evening of entertainment for parents and friends.

It was a most successful endeavour, with each class participating from the very junior to the senior boys. The lower classes put on short and amusing skits, and their recitations were excellent. The March of the Tin Soldiers was splendidly performed and the percussion band was enjoyed by everyone. The Junior Choir was in fine voice.

There were no signs of nervousness in the small boys and they seemed to enjoy giving their excellent performance as much as the audience enjoyed watching them.

The Senior Choir was a treat for everyone, and the audience seemed particularly moved by the rendition of Water Boy. The rousing Vive la Compagnie is always a treat to hear and the boys put everything they had into it. The choirs were taught and led by Mr. Karr, who spent many hours in this capacity, and also in training us for the play by T.S. Eliot, "Murder in the Cathedral", of which we did the temptation scene. From the moment the priests walked onto the stage with the sound of the cathedral bells in the distance until Thomas à Becket proved to be stronger than his temptors, this temptation scene was a very fine performance.

A very amusing short French play directed by Mr. Clothier was enjoyed by everyone.

A capacity audience watched the performances, and applauded spontaneously after each endeavour.

Stephen Greening, U. 2

THE KINDNESS CLUB

Plans have been made to establish a Kindness Club in the Junior School. The first club was formed in New Brunswick by Mrs. Hugh John Flemming in 1959 and since then clubs have been formed across Canada, in the United States and England. All members promise to be kind to animals.

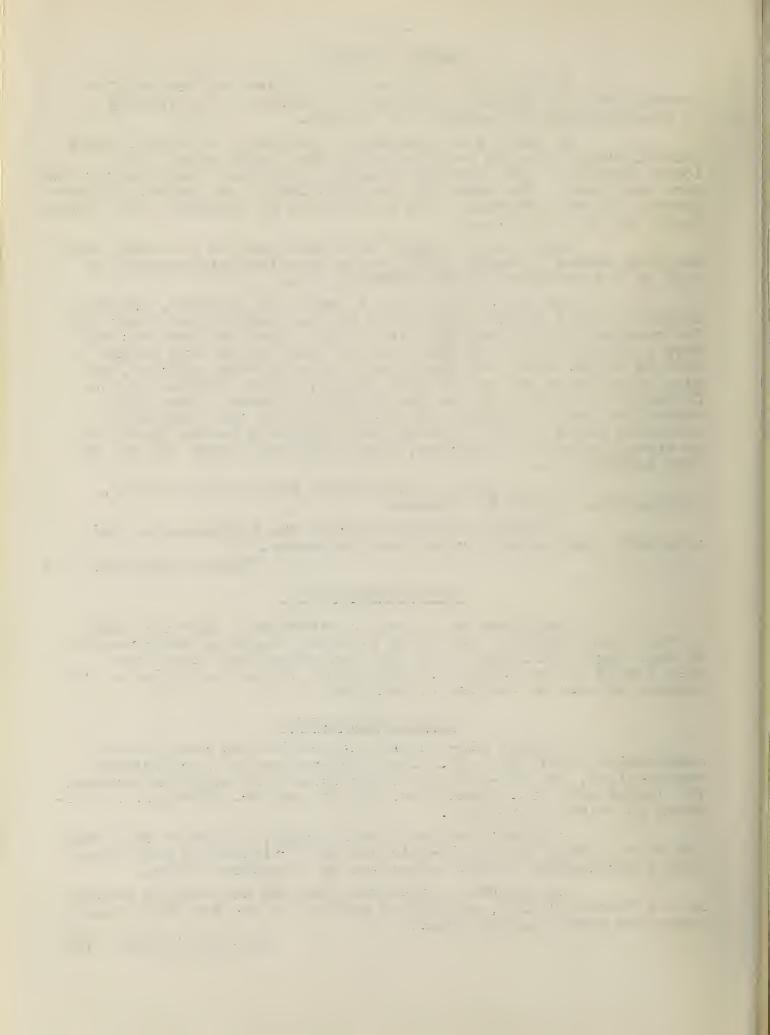
CREST COMPETITION

At about mid-January, it was decided that a crest competition should be held. The deadline was set for February twenty-first, the mid-term date, and there were eighteen entries. The judges were Mrs. Strand, Mr. McNeill and Mr. Chambers, a well-known political cartoonist.

On consulting two of the judges, I learned that they had been looking for a well-balanced and artistically good crest, with a distinctive design indicative of a Canadian school.

The general quality was good and the winning design, by Ted Thorne (U.111), was chosen because it met the above requirements and above all was simple

Timothy Strouts, U. IV



THE PESTALOZZI VILLAGES

During the last month, L.6 and L.7 have been raising money for the Pestalozzi Children's Villages in England and Switzerland. The villages were founded in 1946 as a relief scheme for war orphans, and since then have branched into helping refugees and welfare cases. Since the villages have no source of income by themselves, they depend on donations and amounts earned by school children. Our school has decided to help by selling little plastic lady-bugs, the emblem of the villages. After this we intend to sell other things for the village such as pencils. At the moment, we are busy selling 500 lady-bugs. "Have you bought one yet?"

Chris Rice, L.6

PHOTOGRAPHY

Pictures, left to right, top to bottom.

- 1. "You don't say!"
- 2. Tony, the chef, prepares a repast.
- 3. "Don't touch it, boys, it might bite.
- 4. Eager faces.
- 5. "Is it French or Math???"
- 6. Our present playground
- 7. "Ha, ha, that was a good one!"

LIBRARY REPORT

At present the library has three librarians:Craig Laurence, Christopher Curtis and myself. Two librarians,
Bruce Hebbert and Tony Williams resigned. We are guided and helped
by Mr. Clothier. Our greatest trouble is that the majority of the
Lower School return their books overdue.

The library is open for twenty minutes at noon and as long as necessary after school. The Lower School, excluding L.7, go in with their teachers during school hours. We have two new work tables.

Books may be read or taken out; chess is played; and the reference books may be made use of in the library.

This year the school has bought, or been given, well over one hundred books. Many people have given books or magazines. We are very grateful to all those who have helped in this way. Thank you very much.

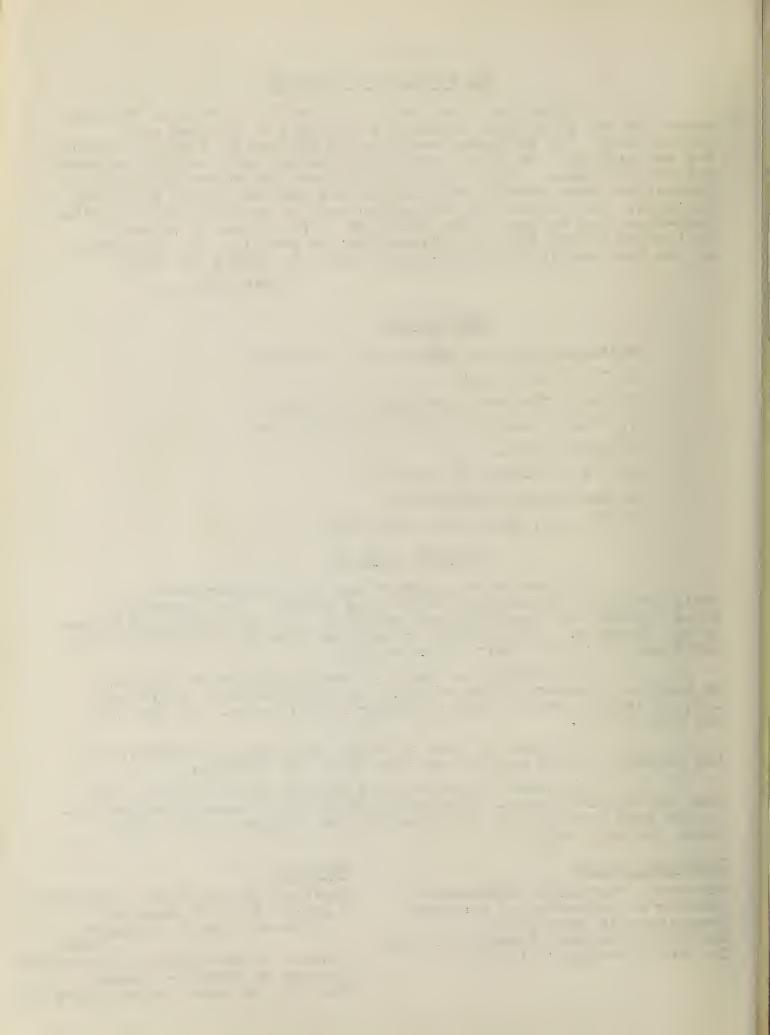
Reference Books

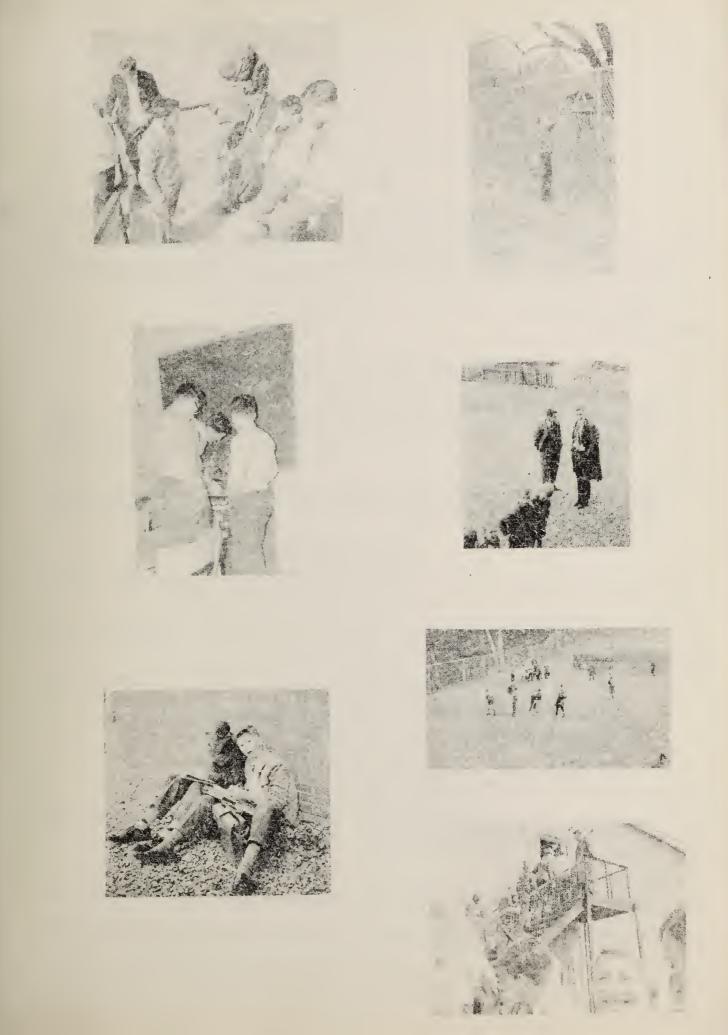
Webster's Unabridged Dictionary Webster's Dictionary of Synonyms Encyclopaedia Britannica Nineteenth Century French Painting Le Petit Larousse Illustre

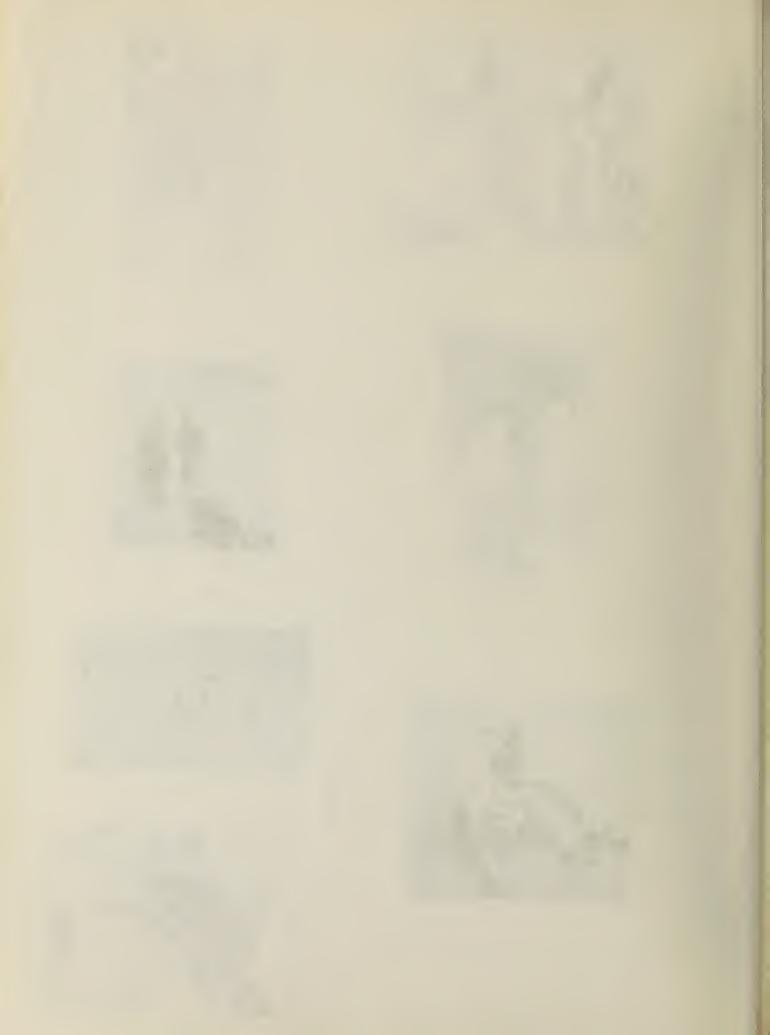
History

Dominion of the North - Creighton A Source Book of Canadian History - Reid, McNought, Crowe

History of the United States-Elson History of Europe - Fisher The Will of Zeus -Stringfellow Barr







Library Report - cont'd

Literature books

Modern American and British Poetry - Untermeyer Don Quixote - Cervantes The Great Tradition - F. R. Leavis

Biography

Queen of France - Castelot The Firebrand - Kilbourn Hannibal - M. Lamb Albert Schweitzer - Collumb Miscellaneous

Music in Western Civilization - Lang.

Discovering Design - Downer

Mathematics for the Millions- Bell

The True Book of:- Birds we Know

Insects

Pebbles and

Shells, etc.

Special Notice - Lost and Found

There is an ever increasing amount of lost clothing, hats, rubbers, boots, lunch-pails, and gym clothing. A number of them have no names. There are also sweaters, coats, and raincoats. Please claim them.

J. Harms (Janitor).

(The above items will be on display at the school on Wednesday and Thursday, June 12th and 13th between 3.00 p.m. and 4.00 p.m.

CONGRATULATIONS

April 25th - Mrs. Browne presented Mr. Browne with a baby boy, Robin Alan (3.26 A.M.)

Mr. Whitehead - on winning a \$2,400. National Research Council grant for post-graduate work in physical chemistry.

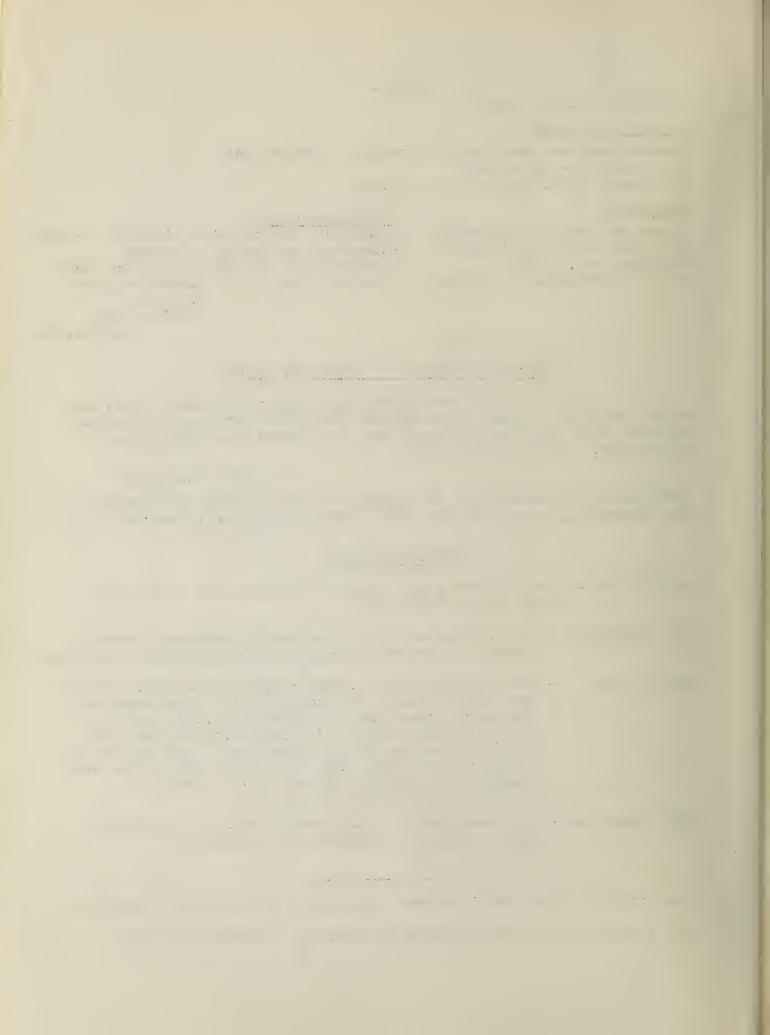
Mrs. Grant

- Mrs. Grant won an essay competition organized by the Bird Society of Nova Scotia. The title of the essay was 'How I Taught my Pupils about Nova Scotian Birds' The competition was open to all teachers in the province. Mrs. Grant has donated her prize (25.00) to the school for the purchase of easels for the Junior School. Congratulations and thank you.

Mr. Hambrick - on receiving a \$1,200 scholarship to continue his studies in classics at Dalhousie.

The bifocal lens were invented about 1750 by Benjamin Franklin.

The fountain pen was invented by Lewis E. Waterman in 1884.



SENIOR LITERARY SECTION

THE FROG

I was lying under the oak tree, Sleeping like a log; When all of a sudden it jumped on me - -A green old frog.

I didn't wake up at that moment, But just kept on sleeping; I woke and looked it in the eye; The frog just kept on peeping.

The frog was likely as scared as me And I brushed it off my chest;
The old frog hopped hurriedly away,
And that was the end of my rest.

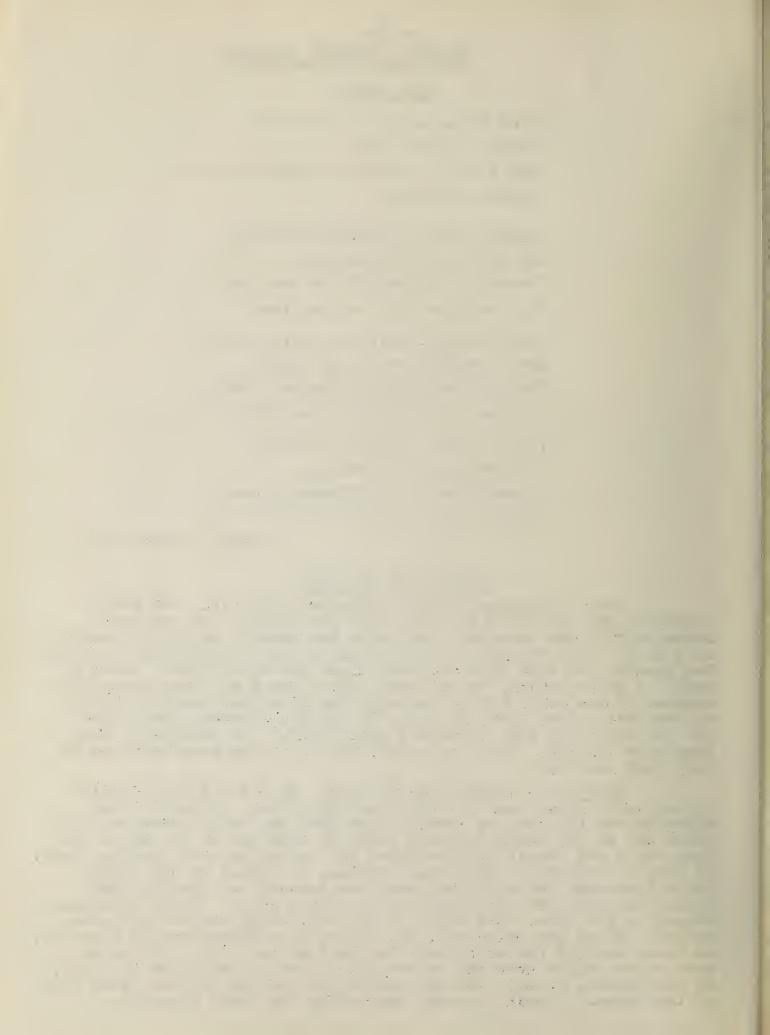
I know when I go back to rest,
The frog will jump on me,
So now I go to a different place,
To lie under a tree.

Jamie Kitchen, U.1

TRAPPED IN THE SNOW

Thud! Darkness reigned throughout the car. Dad and I scrambled out and wiped the snow from the lights. We had just begun digging the snow out from under the wheels, which were buried in a drift, when volunteers came to our rescue. Hopefully, we tried the treads, but they flew out from under the tires into a drift of snow. A while before, we had been joking about the snow being blue because it was cold, but now we wondered if we had not been right. As our last helper left, he said, "I think I'd better get a move on. My wife's in the car with a small baby." He assured us that they were alright. Then Dad added, "Well, if you want anything to eat, just sing out."

Except for Gordon, who was sick, we had all been outside in the cold, bleak snow and the blustering wind. After all our attempts for freedom, we crawled back into the car to warm our cold bones and to dry ourselves out, since we were wet to the skin. We hung out a red signal light outside the window to warn passing plows. To keep our minds off our frozen bodies, we turned on the radio. While listening to the hockey game, we munched on crackers and apples and quenched our thirsts with orange juice. While squirming around on the bare, cold metal of the car, which was our mattress, and pulling at the raincoats, which were distributed one to a person, we heard muffled footsteps over the howl of the wind. Our hopes rose as we rolled down the window after someone rapped on the roof, To our dismay, we only saw the face of one of the helpers, peer out of the storm. "Could I accept your offer for food? My wife's



pretty hungry." Mum replied, "What would you like. We've got Hi-C, apples, oranges and crackers."We passed out the rations

and he took them thankfully.

Since the gas guage was not working and we had not filled our gas tanks since Halifax, we decided that running the engine to defrost our toes was out of the question. Luckily, we had brought a tent warmer, but its fuel had to be rationed since we had no idea of how long we would be trapped in the snow. We attempted to sleep, but this was rather difficult since we were bitterly cold and wet to the skin. I kept on peering, hopingly, out of the window for some glimpse of a plow's light.

Exhausted, I fell asleep. Suddenly I awoke to the yell of Jamie, "I hear an engine!" We all chattered joyfully together as we strained our ears to hear the sound of footsteps. We rolled down the window and a rough-looking face popped in and inquired, "How'd y'a like a tow?"

John Steeves, U.1

A PERFECT CRIME

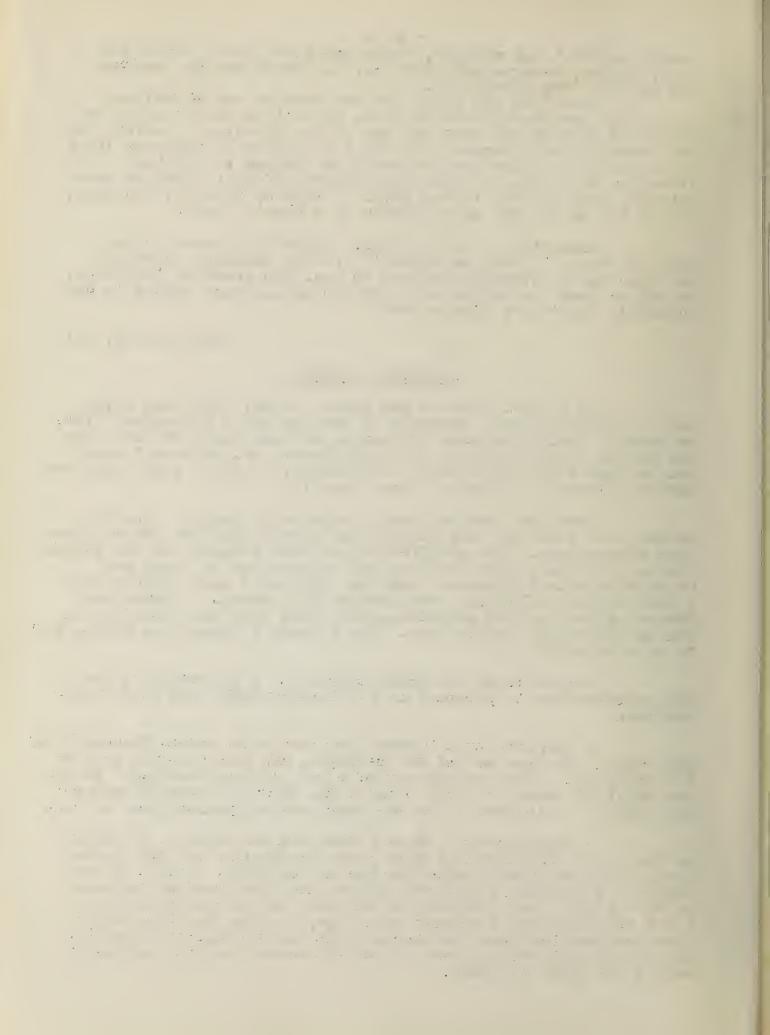
In all the stories and films I know, there has never been a perfect crime. Everytime a man has had a fool-proof plan, he makes a foolish mistake and hangs, or some quirk of fate robs him of his earned rewards. This distresses me, because I know it can be done with just a little confidence, a bit of luck, and some careful planning. I know. I have done it.

There was nothing really wrong with Margie. She was pretty, she loved me, she fought with nobody, and she had all the best connections. Her grandfather had been a member of the Supreme Court. I became, with her help and connections, a young man of considerable influence. However, she was a girl without fire, a girl without ambition. But Barbara is a woman. A woman who shares my desires and ambitions, who wants only the best for us, who is strong and intelligent. She is what I wanted, so Margie had to be eliminated.

Margie loved the great outdoors. I detested it, but she persuaded me to purchase an old hunting lodge far from civilization.

We arrived on a Tuesday for our third annual Thanksgiving Day visit. By noon we had the decrepit, old place turned into a fit dwelling. After eating out of a can, we went hunting. Margie was skillful enough to kill a small doe which we carried back to the cabin. We cleaned it in the shed, ate supper, and went to bed.

I stayed awake. When I knew she was asleep, I picked up the brass candle holder that stood beside the bed and clubbed her. I had no trouble carrying her to the shed. There, by the light of a lantern, I put two bullets into her head at the base of her skull. Then, taking the saw used in butchering the deer, I cut off her head, her arms, her legs, letting the blood from these amputations into the bucket used for the deer's entrails. Carefully I placed her parts in an old wooden box and patiently waited for dawn to break.



When the sun came up, I poured her blood into the river and started to walk north with the box on my shoulder, After a walk of an hour and a half, I stopped, picked up my spade, and dug a hole. I looked at her pretty little head once more and then lay it in its final resting place. I filled in the hole carefully and went on.

The various pieces of the body I placed in five different positions in a semi-circle bounded by the points west, north and east on the compass. Then, I returned to the lodge, burned the "coffin", lit a cigarette, and sat down. It was four o'clock. The sky had become cloudy; soon it began to rain, the weather was right.

At eight o'clock, I departed for the nearest village which was about six miles away. There, I went straight to the constable's house, telling him how she had gone off for a walk by herself. Her direction was due South.

They never found the poor dear.

W. Thompson, U. 4

A MAN

Tho' a man may be strong and tall, Or rich, brave, and mighty, But cruel and full of hate!
This man may not be great.

A man may be weak and small,

Poor and low, but gentle and strong
In heart and soul.

This man may be great.

George Hawkins, L. 7

A STUDENT'S PLIGHT

Life had simply been miserable this past week. The end of the school year was fast approaching and the exams would be trying, very trying. Every week would get worse and I knew that so well. I had very little time to myself these days; this was one of those rare moments.

I sat down on the nearest bench, determined to forget my troubles for a while - just for a little while, at least. The park bench was wet, but I did not really care. Rain drizzled down my face, along the back of my neck and trickled slowly down my spine. I relaxed. My body stretched out; my head leaned heavily against the back of the bench. My brain, like a fuelless diesel stopped its throbbing gradually. Sleep was so precious; it came easily . . .

The flowers grew by the thousands in the meadow. They appreared, popping up amongst the tall thick clusters of grass,

like pins from so high up. There was just a touch of a breeze; just enough to ruffle the leaves of my big elm and to swing the flowers from side to side in gentle unison. Occasionally, a stronger gust would sweep the meadow in a wave, upsetting its hypnotizing motion. Not a creature in sight; there was no life in that meadow, not even a bird, an insect. Smiles of peace and contentment fled and I asked myself why. I realized it was I they feared and it depressed me because I did not want to be feared . . . I did not want . . . fear, for fear is what I thought I feared most myself and I did not want others, humans or animals, to experience it.

When I awoke, I was lying belly-down on the bench, my head dangling over one end. I got up slowly from my resting place and started on my way home. My old worries and troubles came back to haunt me; my brain commenced its briefly interrupted throbbing and misery settled in once more.

J. P. Chavy, U. 1V.

A worm on the ground; Down flies a bird. Gulp!

Danny Scouler, U.1

Green trees in a silent meadow,

A deer drinking cool water,

Peace and Tranquility.

Tommy Meyerhof, U.3

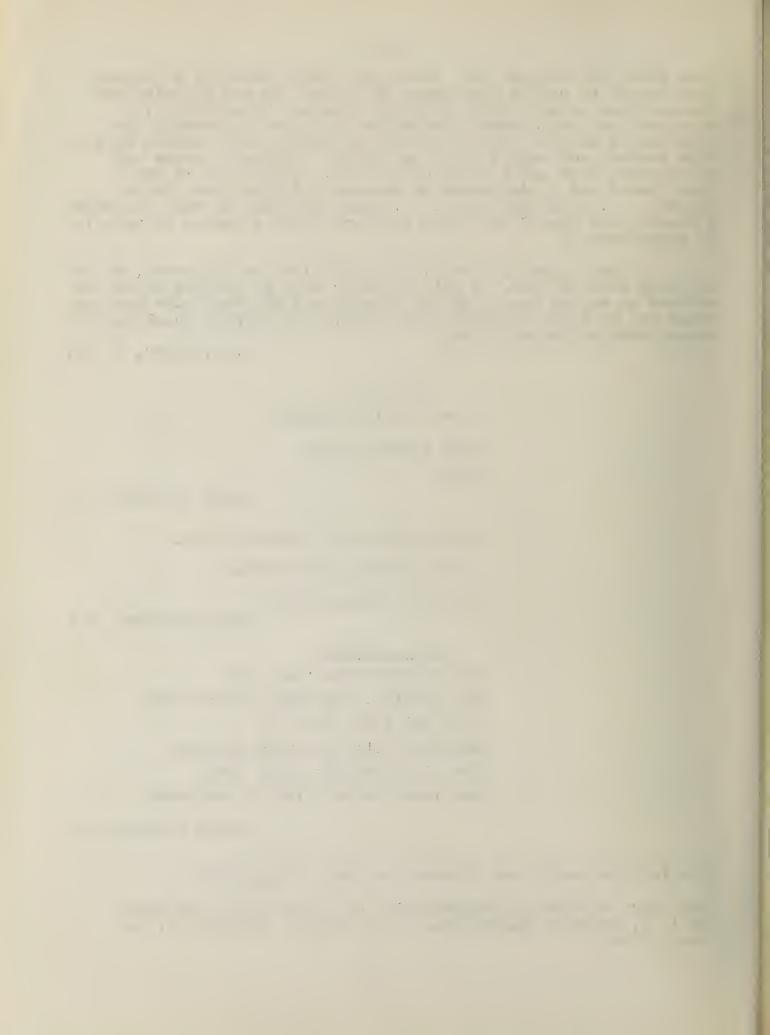
TO A WATCH

Why tickest thou time away
The minutes, seconds, and the days,
Love and life, far away And never stop for work or play,
But tick away the happy days
And leave us to think of yesterday

Gerald Rodgers, U.3

The friction match was invented by John Walker (1827).

The first successful demonstration of a television was given by J. L. Baird in England and C. F. Jenkins in the U. S. in the 1920's.



FRUSTRATED POET

Now try to make a poem
When you are all alone
You can think of many links
And curl up into kinks
When you try to be distinct.

The thoughs they come from left and right But will not stay within my sight Of men, and ships, and ladies hips And other untold nondescripts.

Now this poem is rather short
And of the bubblie sort
But I think that you'll agree
Every line rhymes two and three
And that's the end of me.

Ted Thorne, U. 3

PATRIOTISM

PATRIOTISM - love of one's country. It is an odd man indeed who does not love and fight for the country in which he was born. Usually, one feels a loyalty to one's country, and a reluctance to agree with the criticisms of foreigners.

I have a strong feeling of patriotism for my country. I feel it has everything I wish to satisfy me, but I am a young boy who knows no other country. Will the day come when I no longer live in Canada, and will I say to myself, "Did I greatly exaggerate the beauties of Canada?" Was the grass so bright and green, were the seasons so exciting and wonderful in their differences of warmth and cold? Did the buds shoot out so magically in spring? And were the autumns' colours so bright and beautiful to look at? My answer will always be "yes" everytime I think of Canada and even though I shall travel to the ends of the earth, I will feel that Canada is a great country.

Is my feeling of patriotism made stronger by living in a free land? I am unable to vote, but my parents can. I can attend the school of my choice, in later years I can choose my own religion. I can be with my family, not thrust in a State school. I can celebrate Christmas, Easter and birthdays, and I know the affection and joy of friends and my parents.

Sometime ago, I read a story in which a young boy said to his old grandfather, "Grandfather, if there is another war, would you fight again?" The old man replied, "If my country wants and needs me, I shall never forsake it." This is the truest patriotism possible.

Stephen Greening, U.2



THE RAILROAD TRACK

Those railroad tracks are cold and gray,
Thin and evil, never gay.
They are fast and greasy; they never tire Sorry - I was always a personifier.

Those railroad tracks foretold of things - Of Hitlers and Bismarcks and other kings, Who ruled the world with an iron hand, Placed in power by the follies of man.

Those railroad tracks have lost their strength, Become old and senile and out of place.
Air-borne inventions now roam abroad,
Seeking a job in outer space.

Brian Mann, U. 3

AN EVENING ON ST. MARGARET'S BAY

The boat-house's reflection undulates in the slow swell, while trees on the shore sway rhythmically in the warm air wafted in on a salty evening breeze. Seagulls sweep homeward. A heron, disregarding a small outboard boat doing the rounds of the lobster pots, flies in for his evening meal. Overturned boats, scraped but yet unpainted, sit at the bottoms of fresh uncut lawns, which smell of a mixture of new clover and daffodils, one side in dazzling sunlight, the other in heavy shadow. A pink mist shrouds the far side of the silent bay, while far above, the high clouds float like gold leaf in the yellow rays of the setting sun. The low cloud changes the shining disc from yellow to gold, from orange to red, then to a fading pink. The moon's silvery rays grow in power, the stars in the east begin to spread slowly westward and with a grunt of pleasure, the heron, his hunger satisfied, floats heavily into the quiet night.

Tim Strouts, U. 4

ON BEING A SANDWICH

Are we Canadians really the stalwart and forthright people we think we are? Or is it perhaps that we are the filling of an Anglo-American sandwich? Unfortunately, I think most Canadians, although subconsciously, fit into the latter category - the Anglo-American sandwich. We, the Canadian populus, are not speaking out for what we believe. We depend on a British policy or an American strategem to dictate our own policies. Canada is a large country in area, but its individuality is to be found in a pine cone fallen from a tree in the Rocky Mountains. We all know it has a small population, but that should not prevent us from becoming an individual nation. Anything one does in Canada is patterned on or influenced by our American or British overseers.

It is now almost one hundred years since Canada has become self-governing, yet we still cry like a baby if Britain decides to do her trading with Europe. Can we not stop this fawning attitude towards Britain? Let us throw off our maternal ties, become Canada, a real nation in the true sense of the word; let us put some meaning into the words: "O Canada, our Hone and Native Land."

We must grow out of our childlike dependency. We will awaken from our trance of indecision. We will assert our own nationalistic beliefs and rights, trade with whomever we like, and above all, we, the Canadian people, will take tremendous pride in our Country - - Canada.

L7

Although they're not eleven.

And 'cause they have good souls

Not the kind with holes.

L7 will go to heaven,

Even though they have no money;

(Naturally they spend it all)

But they do have a honey -
And with lots of money!

Peter Norwood, L7

ADVENTURES OF A PENNY

I am a little penny, born in a building called a mint, with many others, coins and bills. I like the mint because there are many friends to talk with me.

I am not the handsomest thing in the world, but I am shiny brown with prickled edges. I have an impression of Queen Elizabeth II on one side and the emblem of Canada, the Maple Leaf, on the other. I am proud to have them on my front and back.

After I left the mint, I was with many others of my own kind in a large guarded building called The Bank of Canada, where I was put in a large room which I heard an experienced fifty-dollar bill call a vault. Soon, I was sent to a great building which had a sign which read "Lunenburg General Store", in Nova Scotia, where I was counted with some other money and placed in a penny compartment.

Nearly all day I heard buttons being pressed and bells ringing in my ears. Then the floor of my home would slide out into the open air where I would see the owner place some money in and take some of my companions out.

All the while I was in the boarding house, I would talk

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ntentrologica de la filosoficia de la companio de l La companio de la co La companio de la companio della compa

en de la composition La composition de la La composition de la to a retired one-hundred dollar bill who was very wise and well-educated, I told him I would like to know more about this vast world. He said he could not tell me everything about the world, but he could teach me more about the English language so I could understand what people were saying and thus learn more about the world and the people who live in it.

One day I was taken out as change and given to a man who had bought some cigarets. He put me and a five-cent piece in his pocket. I did not like it in there, because it was too dark and dingy. By bus and airplane he took me to England. As he went about London, I could see Buckingham Palace and many other places from a worn place in the pocket of the trousers. I also saw the Queen in the Royal Limousine slowly passing by which gave me great pleasure. I would have stood to attention in respect. but I do not have any legs. One day when he was walking in Trafalgar Square he stopped at one of the large fountains and reached into his pocket and took me out and made a wish and threw me into the highest part of the fountain.

I then said, "Thanks very much for the enjoyable and interesting trip." And then to my surprise and enjoyment I met two English pennies! We shook hands and introduced each other. They welcomed me to the fountain and I felt very much at home. We talked of past times and experiences, and I discovered that one of them had been in brooks and had been run over by a bus. I am very fortunate to have found such nice friends and a peaceful home in which to end my life.

George Cole, L.7

UNTITLED POEMS

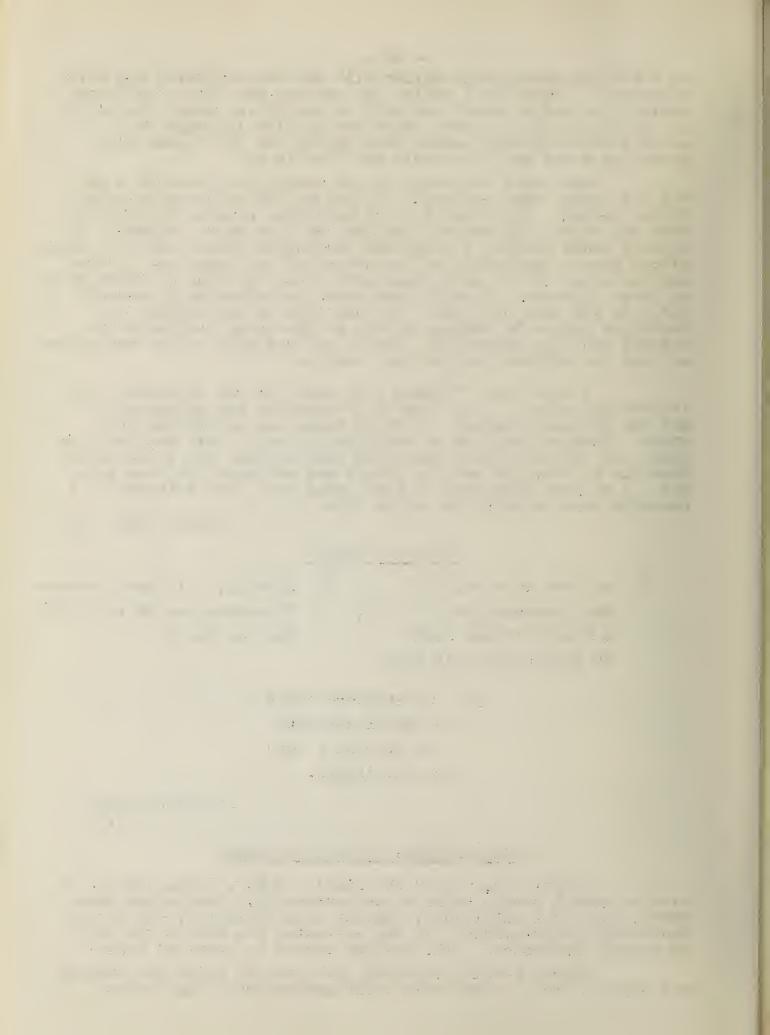
- As soon as a squirrel
 Has gathered its bin full,
 A Hunter stands ready
 To pepper its skin full.
- 2. Oh well, I'll have another If monkey can do it try. Then so can I.
- 3. Two stubborn beaks
 Of equal strength
 Can stretch a worm
 To any length.

D'arcy Delamere, U.3

THE BEGINNING OF ANOTHER SEASON

In Halifax, toward the middle of May, large numbers of usually normal people begin to act strangely. They stare into space, pore over catalogues, neglect their children, and become generally absent-minded. To the initiated the reason for this is clearly understood. The sailing season is about to begin.

Houses become cluttered with cans of paint and varnish and coils of rope, wifes ruin their manicures as they repair



weathered sails; meal times become a matter of hasty sandwiches and cooling coffee.

The amateur sailor is something of a fanatic. He studies forecasts and even resorts to observing whether smoke is rising straight from the chimney, whether the ants are piling earth in front of their holes, which portends rain. After which, he quite happily spends his weekends on the water, in downpours of rain, with the wind tearing his sails to ribbons, snapping expensive forestays, and filling his boat with water.

If all this seems madness, one has only to watch the brightly painted boats heeling in a stiff wind on a fine summer's afternoon to understand, even faintly, this particular type of madness.

Ian Crump, U.2

MY FRIEND

My friend and I went for a walk Through a lonely wooded park; We came to a lovely babbling brook Which sparkled like a golden harp.

As we talked and walked Along the narrow mound, We soon discovered by surprise The sun was going down.

What a wonderful world This would be, If all our friends Could only see.

Rae MacDonald, U.1.

A SPRING SURPRISE

March has hidden itself away,
Wind and snow seem gone to stay.
There is a change within the air,
Weather pretends to be warm and fair.

Now the robin shows his hue, Daffodils and crocus come in view, April seems to confirm my desire For outdoor pleasures and light attire.

Has Mother Nature forgotten her vow
To begin long - awaited summer now?
Because when I awoke to greet the day,
There was a carpet of snow instead of
May.

Paul Goldberg,

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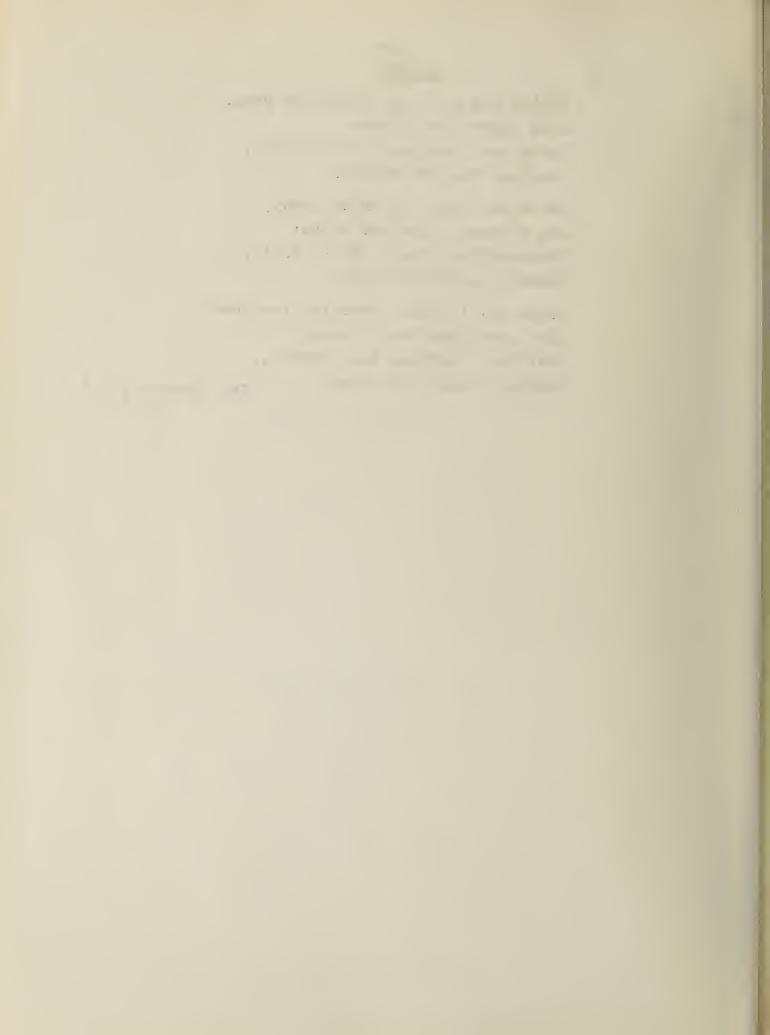
SPRING

Spring has come and bluebells ring, Buds burst into flower. Lambs are frisking in the fields, Sunshine follows shower.

Trees all dance in fresh array,
And blossom, pink and white;
Bunnies flash their fluffy tails;
Dewdrops sparkle bright.

Birds all 'round, searching for food They sometimes have a swing Chatting, pecking, busy robins,
Winging along like kings.

Ian Thompson, U.1



JUNIOR FEATURES

L5 REPORT

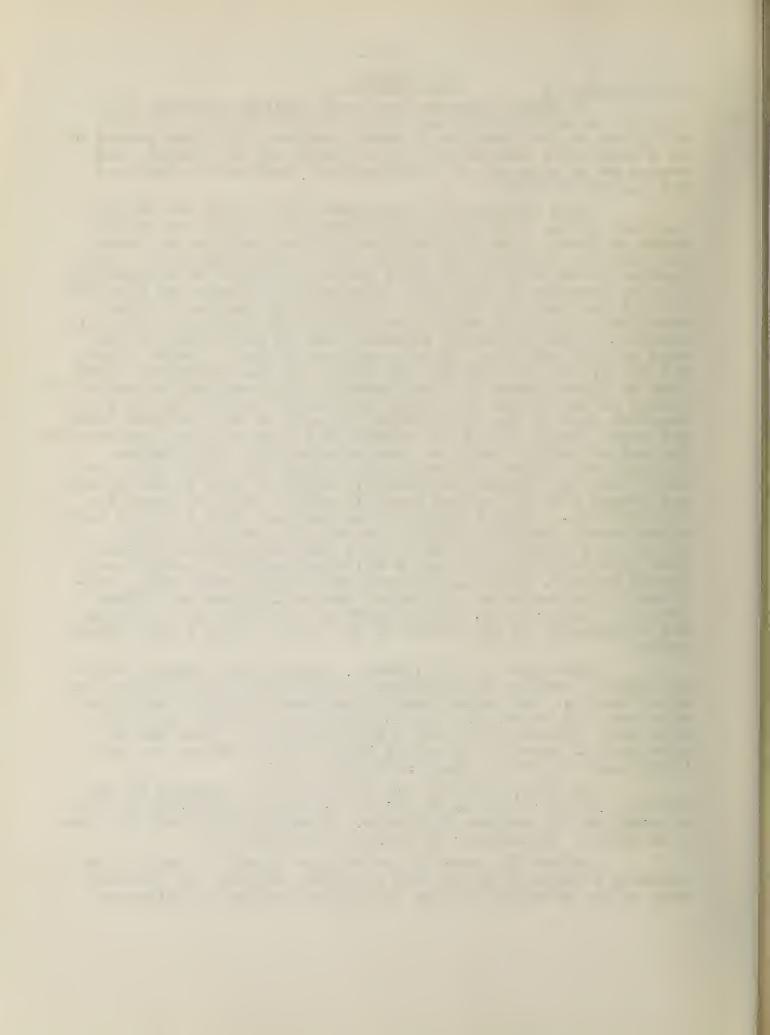
We spent sometime last term finding our feet; this term all seventeen pairs are firmly on the ground. One new thing now is for everyone to have a number. This has proved to be a great help when nobody can remember who is missing, and serves as an easy way of locating lost, neglected, misplaced and delayed HOMEWORK.

John Kernaghan, being number one, holds the coveted position by the door and is very able as an assistant in all sorts of tasks. Donald Crosby contributes well to the group and sang the coveted solo at our first Junior Assembly. Jamie Steeves has a passion for order and is marvelous at tidying up; he also provides us with many interesting pictures and cuttings to fill our bulletin boards. Dwight Grosse has put in good attendance this term and arrives bright and early in inclement weather. Peter Mitchell, promoted from L4 has picked up our ways quickly and works in an exemplary fashion. Davids Morrow and Green, who sit together and share the same birthday, bring fame to their houses at track meets. This term Douglas MacDonald joined us and things were going well until he fell on two consecutive days in the yard making his mark on the ice with teeth and nose. Tommy Purves has submitted a very original contribution to this periodical which we hope is accepted. Rory Burton occupies the centre seat and sheds his smiles around him. One hopes that the Neptune Theatre will still be open 15 years hence and Steven with his marked dramatic ability will be there to entertain us. Gregg Monteith joined us late last term and has since proved that many things are possible even on Friday. Andrew will perhaps grow up to be a librarian whilst Michael Dyer will very likely become a bilingual weather forecaster. Donald Hoadley, certainly manages the routine tasks well, considering the number of accidents that he is prone to. Jamie -Jamie - Jamie -. Gay, the youngest of our group sits quietly and efficiently in the corner at the back. He is a true corner stone.

This then is L5, 1962-63. Apart from lessons (which one doesn't mention in magazines) we have had a few 'drives' on other things. The clean shoes effort was worthwhile until the snow came and overshoes were the order of the day. Everyone eventually discovered he had a tie somewhere at home and we have managed to rule out bright blue, red and yellow sweeters ('tho mixed together, they would make grey!)

We have, with the aid of L3 put up a display of the writing system on the board and we are working together to keep a record of the weather this term. We would appreciate the loan of an outside thermometer if anyone can supply one.

Before the year is out we hope to make a trip to the Children's Library, go and see a weather station and discover some of the original writing of Rudyard Kipling at Dalhousie.



SALON ORCHESTRA

On Thursday, March 16th. our whole school went to a big-room downstairs in the school where we were to hear an orchestra sponsored by the Royal Canadian Artillery Band. They were going to play some songs or tunes. Before the director introduced the instruments, the orchestra tuned up and played a song.

Then he introduced the instruments. First he told the school the name of the orchestra which was the "Salon Orchestra". He told his name whick was Mr. Allt, who was playing the violin and director at the same time. He has a recorder group and I am in it with other boys. He introduced the cello and the bass cello.

They did two other songs and then he introduced the flute, viola, clarinet and the trumpet and the piano. They then played two more songs and at the end they played one last song. Everybody liked the orchestra.

The instruments I liked best were the clarinet, trumpet, the 'cello and bass 'cello. One the the songs was The Lone Ranger.

The whole school had a very nice afternoon that day.

R. Piercey, L.6

OUR TRIP TO THE FISH PACKING PLANT

On January 18th, L.6 had a trip to the Sea Seald Fish Packing Plant. Denis Connor's father had given us permission, so that afternoon we walked downtown to see it.

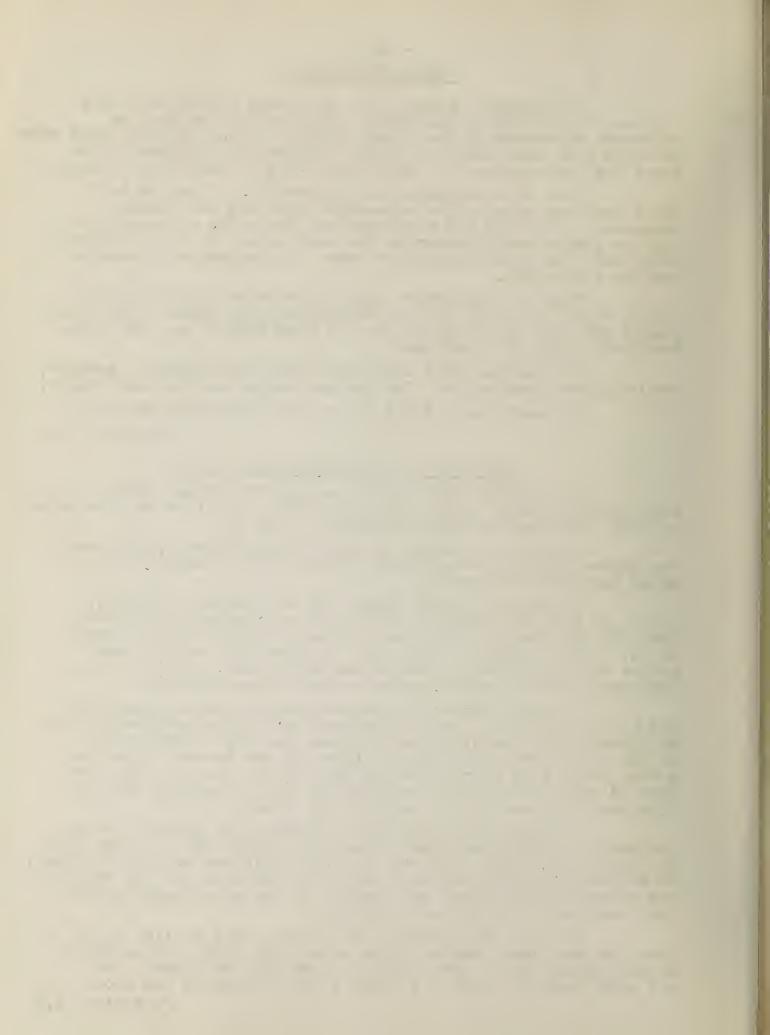
When we got there, we split up into groups, our group was Gordon Stubbs, James Creery, Stephen Neal, Jamie Oland, Bruce McCulloch and myself.

We were the first group, and we started out first. First, we went on a trawler to see the insides of it. In the front of the trawler there was a cabin with the steering-wheel in it. There was also radar and a machine with which, when played on, you could see the bottom of the sea. We then went into the captain's cabin, where we saw a two-way radio.

We next went to the room where they were packing cod and haddock fillets. The people were very experienced at it and they could tell the difference between the two. Next we went to the room where they took the fish off the boats. There was a very large fish there that was covered in ice. We asked Mr. Kent to take the ice off, and when he did, he told us that the fish was a halibut and it weighted 300 pounds.

Then we went up to the room where the smoked fish is prepared, it looked all black from the outside and Mr. Kent said it was 400 ft. deep. But then he told us it was only 40 ft. deep. On hearing that, Stephen Neal walked up to the hole. He said he was afraid of 400 ft but not forty. On the same floor, we saw the room where they packed shellfish.

We went back downstairs and were told to line up in front of the lunch counter. Then we all got fish & chips and a bottle of pop each. After that we went back to school. We all told Denis to thank his father, and we thanked him too.



- 27 -L6 CLASS REPORT

During the year L.6 has been doing some very interesting things. We have six subjects, Arithmetic, French, English, Art, Social Studies and Science. In French, we read the phrases the teacher reads and do exercises. In Arithmetic we have done from fractions to decimals. In Social Studies, we are learning about the history of the provinces of Canada one by one. Studies is History and Geography. We stick all our work and pictures in Scrap Books. In English, we do ordinary English composition, spelling, handwriting and work book. In Art, we do painting and clay modelling. Right now we are making a mural. In Science, we have just finished studying plants and we are doing food. L.6 is probably the worst class in the school. Every Friday afternoon we go to the Y.M.C.A. and take gym and swimming. In gym we play games and go on the trampoline and ropes and the horse. In swimming, we have relays and free swims and have tests. There are twenty-four people in the class. Some people have pen friends in England and they write back and forth telling what's happening in their schools. We are making a class magazine to send over there. THE END.

James Creery, L.6

OPEN HOUSE

On May 3rd, our school had an Open House. The boys' parents were invited to come to school and meet the teachers and see what the boys had done in Art and other subjects. The boys were allowed to come with their parents to show their work (but I didn't). A majority of the parents came and I think most of them liked our display of work done in the first two terms. Some books weren't exhibited because of the drawings on the covers of their books (nostly English) You were allowed to talk to any of the teachers you would like to talk to. I'm glad I didn't come because my mother would ask me so many questions about my work, I would be like a human dictionary.

C. Nixon, L.6

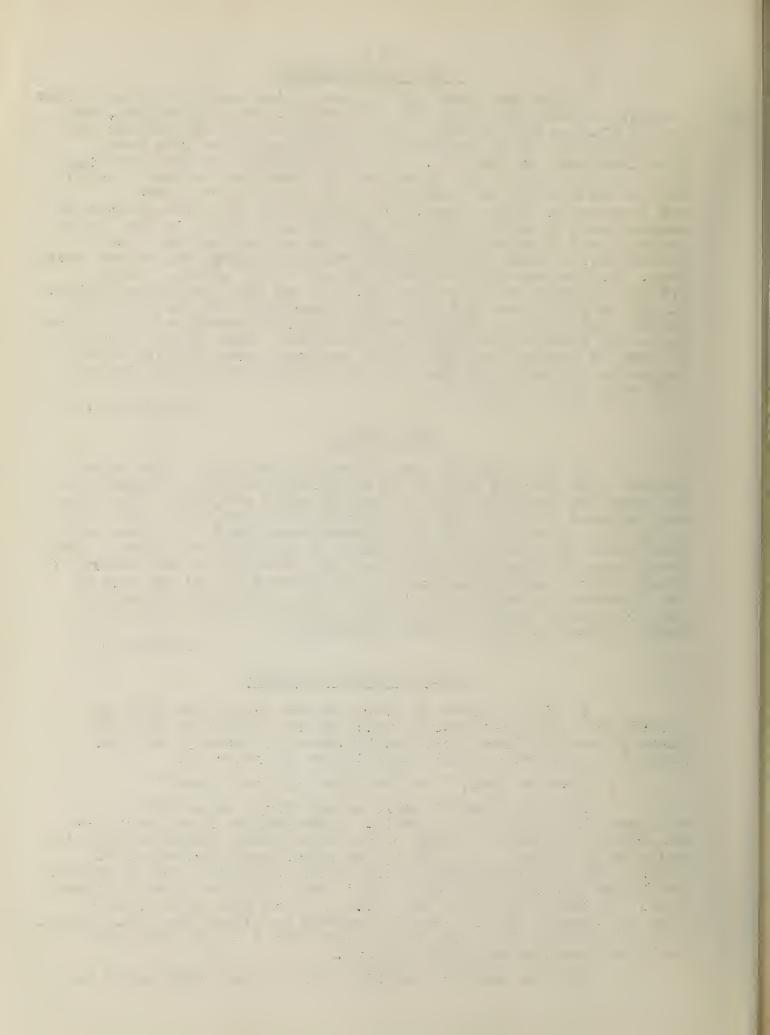
LOWER SCHOOL ASSEMBLY

At nine o'clock on every second Friday, we line up outside the spare classrooms until we are told where to sit. Lower 3 goes in first, followed by Lower 4, Lower 5 and then Lower 6. When Mr. McNeill comes in we all stand up.

Next we sing, "God Save Our Gracious Queen."

Then Mr. McNeill tells us of things which have occurred since the last assembly. Sometimes we have guests or Mr. McNeill tells us a story or he talks about something that is going on in Canada. One guest, an experienced bird-watcher, talked with us about birds we see around in winter and in summer. He played a record with some birds' voices and we tried to guess them. We only knew a few of them. He also gave Mrs. Grant a bird map because she is very interested in birds. Once Mr. McNeill told us a story of a crow and he also talked to us about the political parties and their leaders.

Then on another assembly day, two boys from Lower 6,



John Crace, who played the violin and Charles Nixon, who played the 'cello, played a beautiful tune.

Then after the assembly, some boys put the chairs back.

Michael Wynne, L.6

JUNIOR LITERARY SECTION THE ADVENTURE OF AN ERASER

Once upon a time there was an eraser who lived to be five years old. He was a bad eraser, he was a green eraser. He erased stop signs, books, and lots of other things. People were trying to get rid of him.

One day a flying saucer came down from the moon. The people went over to see it. All at once the door flew open and out came a moon professor. The people ran away and so did everything, except the eraser and the moon professor.

The moon professor said, "Have you been bad?".

The eraser said, "Yes, I have."

"Come with me", said the professor.

The professor went in his space ship and so did the eraser. There were death chemicals in the space ship. All at once the moon professor put the eraser in the death chemicals. The eraser died instantly. Then the very next morning, no sign of the eraser was to be seen.

We will never see him again. But we have erasers not alive!

Jamie Cameron, L.5 Age: 8

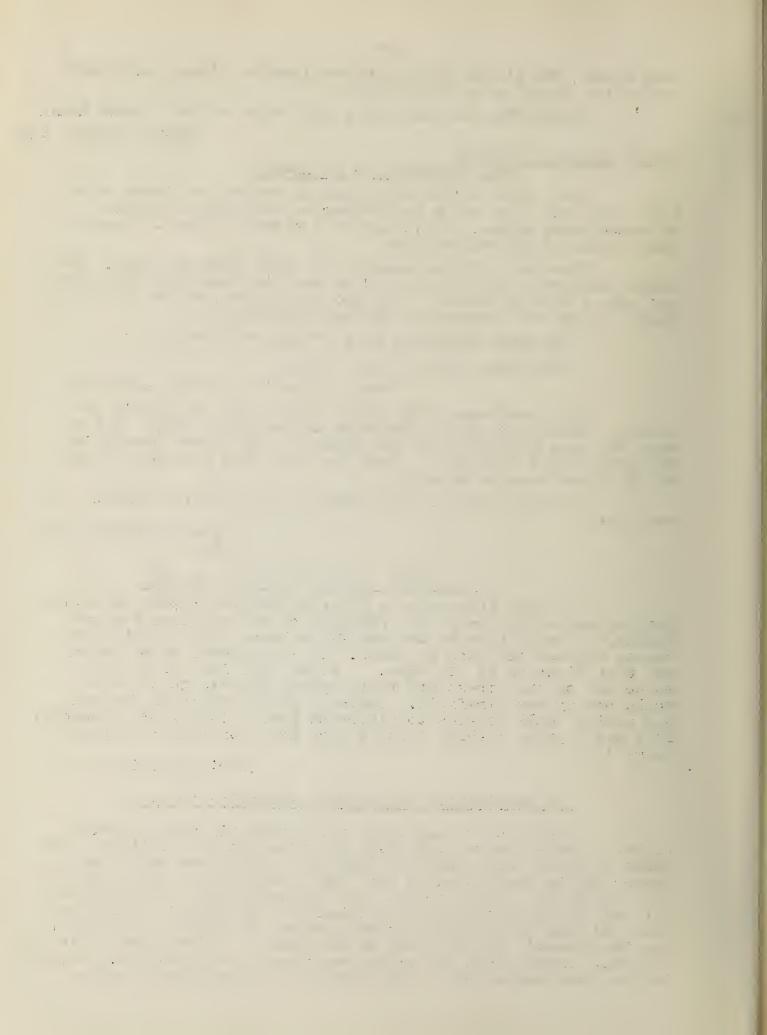
I WOULD LIKE TO BE A PILOT

I would like to be a pilot to get the thrill of having nothing under you except the fuselage of the airplane you are flying. I would like to own and fly a Focke Wulfe fighter, of course without any guns or bombs. It is supposed to be one of the best fighters of its time. I would also like to be able to do all of the air-stunts that a plane is able to do and I would own my own air-field. Owning a glider would be fun too and making small ferries to different places in a DC-3 transport. If I was a pilot I think I would have more fun than I ever had in my life.

Chris Monteith, L. 6

An Examination Nightmare - According to L. 5

Once upon a time there was a very big man who wrote books. Because he was very big, his name was Huge Lofting. The books he wrote were about Dr. Dolittle. As he was so big we wonder why he wrote about a man with such a little name, but this is a nightmare, it has to be. Dr. Dolittle didn't do very much but once he tried to help in Arithmetic. He hopped out of his book and said to the boy sitting next to the shelf. "I'll tell you the answer! It is, less, by six more." and the boy wrote it down. Another man who wrote books was Thomas Raddell. According to some people, he was the author of "Evangeline", maybe,



because this is a nightmare and nightmares are like that we couldn't have two very big authors so we couldn't agree that Longfellow was the chap.

One day at 3.30, Huge Lofting and a young friend went for a walk around Halifax, they went down town and stopped to admire the monuments. The friend with Huge Lofting wasn't very tall and he couldn't really see the statue of Cornwallis. He asked Huge Lofting if he knew anything about him and he said, "Oh yes, didn't you know? He's the guy who founded Halifax, they came here on the warship STENKS! "Really", said the little fellow, "Just Fancy! that's just what my teacher told me." They continued walking and every now and then the little fellow asked Huge Lofting another question, because, after all, he wasn't very big and hadn't lived very long. In the end Huge Lofting said, "See here, my good friend; you shouldn't be walking round the town with me, you should hop on the bus and get back to school. I expect the teacher's marked your papers by now and she'll want to go over the answers with you.

So the boy boarded a bus and later ran all the way down Young Avenue to Atlantic Street. When he got into school the teacher said,

"Why have you come back? Did you forget your homework?" And the boy said:-

"No, I thought you might have marked our papers", so the teacher said to him, "Yes, I have, who told you that Huge Lofting wrote Doctor Dolittle?"

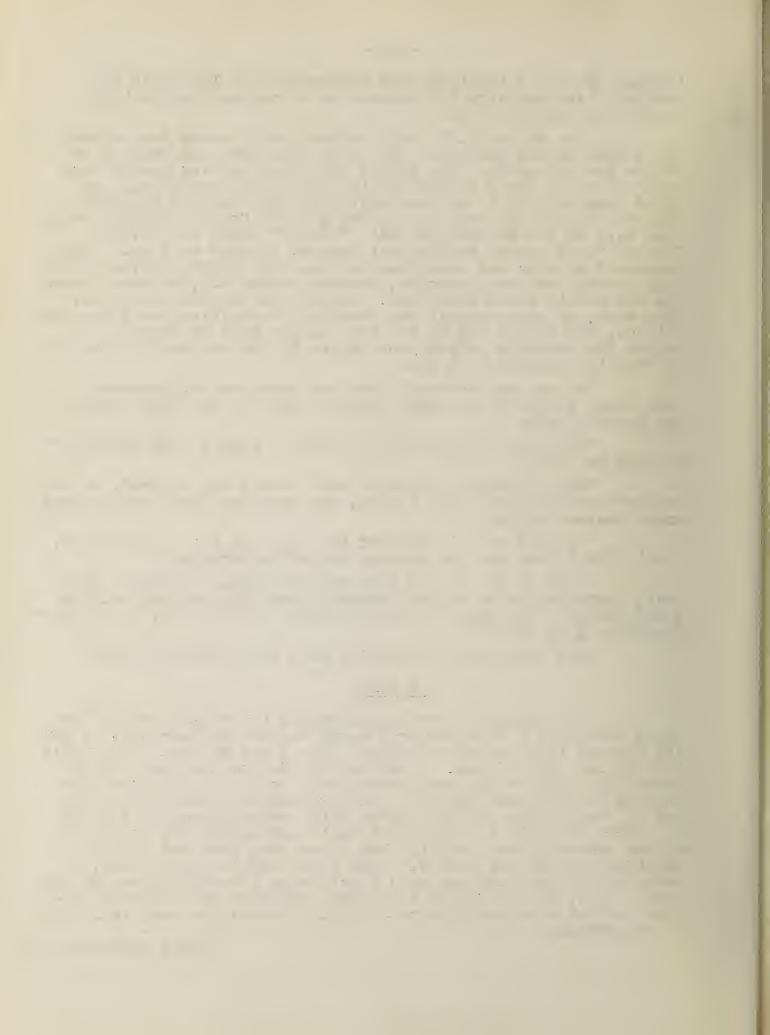
"You did ma'am" answered the boy, "at least I think so, that's why I told you the warship was called Stinks!"

Just as the two of them were wondering who would speak next, there was crash on the bookshelf and Huge Lofting said in a deep voice, "The answer really was more by six less, so I expect you got a $\underline{\mathtt{B}}$ my friend."

And with that, he floated away on a Columbus Cloud.

A Walk

One morning I got up and wanted to go for a walk. So after breakfast I told mother I would be gone all morning. I got all dressed in my winter clothes. When I got outside it was cold but the sun was shining. I started walking up the road and the trees each side of the road looked as if they were painted in a picture. Not a branch stirred. As I walked on, I came to a lake and it looked like a giant mirror with cotton along the side of it. From the lake I took a path that went around the lake. On my way around I saw a rabbit jump across the path and a deer nibbling on some dry leaves. When I got all the way around, I went back to the road but when I got there I thought I was at the wrong place, it all looked different, children were playing outside and the wind was blowing. Nothing looked the same as it did in the morning.



OUR TRIP TO FLORIDA, U.S.A.

On Easter of this year, (1963), our family went on a trip to Florida, U.S.A. We left Halifax Saturday, April sixth, but school did not get out until Thursday, April 11th., so I had to miss a few days of school and so did my brothers and sister.

We went on the train at 11.30 a.m. where we got our rooms. They were big and they could fit three, so we had three in one room and three in another. We were not all on the same car.

We stopped at Montreal for a day and toured the city. We got on the train at 8.00 and arrived in Washington at 1.20 p.m. and had a day and a half there. It was very hot there and we saw the White House, U.S. Capitol, the Jefferson Memorial, Lincoln Memorial, Washington Monument, U.S. Supreme Court and Mt. Vernon where George Washington lived and where he and his wife are buried.

There we found it very hot. We went and saw Cypress Gardens which were lovely and it featured Water Skiing. We left Orlando the next day and started for Hollywood, Fla. which was 200 miles from Orlando. There were lots of activities where we stayed, shuffle-board, pool, swimming, badmington and miniature golf and a playground. We did a lot of swimming in the pool and in the ocean. We went shopping, too. While we were there we went to the Seaquarim which had dolphins, porpoises, sea-lions, giant turtles and all kinds of fish. It also had sharks. They put on a very good act. The weather was perfect all the time we were there, the air was 78-80 and the water was 80. We stayed there nine days.

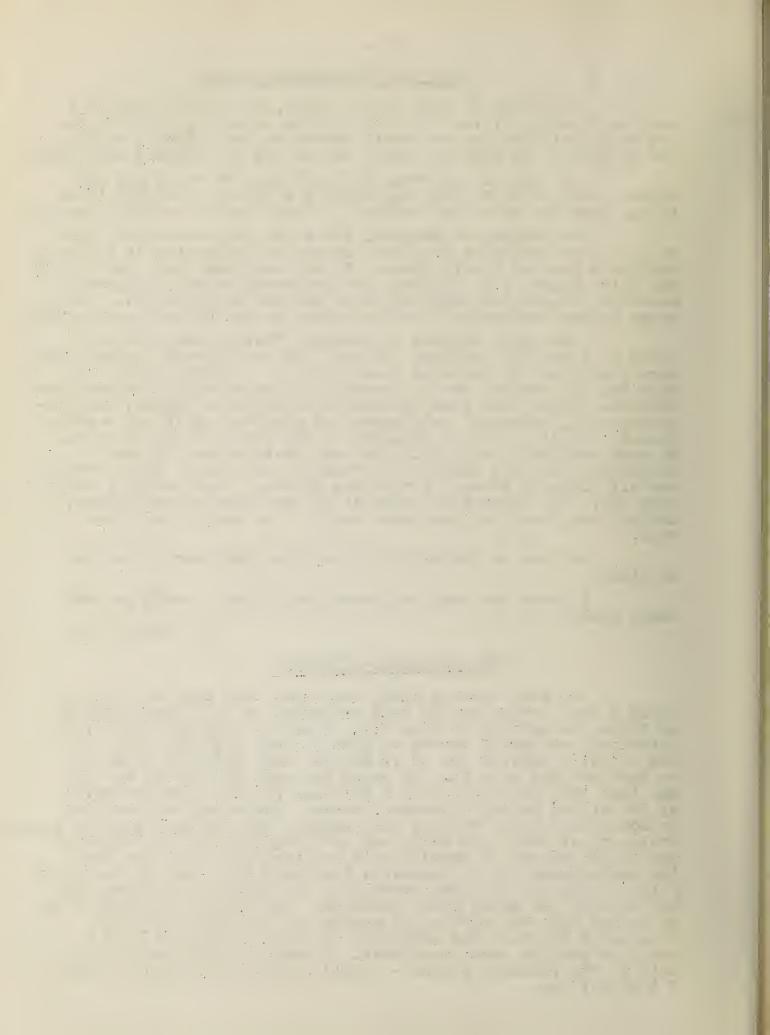
We flew to Boston by Jet and flew the rest of the way by plane.

I liked the trip very much and I wish I could go down there again.

R. Piercey, L.6

THE ENCHANTED PRINCESS

We were walking along the river bank when suddenly we heard a small voice saying that she might as well drown herself as there was nothing to live for. I and my companion were very surprised and looked around to find out who said it. Then we saw a little hamster and as it was the only thing we could see we knew she had said it. We asked her what the matter was and she said that she was really a princess but had been enchanted by the wicked witch, Glendower, because the witch had been imprisoned in a tower forever and because she had been casting wicked spells about and I had found her and caught her so she could be put in the tower. I asked her if nothing could free her from the enchantment and she answered that only the blood of the giant of four heads and the magic bottle of the witch of Glendower and the wine of the seven giant brothers. The blood and wine had to be poured into the bottle and shaken and then the blood and wine mixed together and sprinkled on the princess. I said I would do that or never come back. I asked her her name and she said it was Princess Athens - I told her mine was Prince James. I then set out.



I decided I would go and get the blood of the giant of four heads first. On the way, I met a fox who decided to come top. He told me the only way to get the blood was to chop of the giants' heads with his own giant sword which was his most prized possession and was guarded by one hundred dwarfs and two slave giants. He said he would help me get it. When night came, I stole solftly in and picked up the sword which was very heavy and I started to go. But by accident, I kicked one of the giants and he woke up and then everyone else did. Then the fox ran in and told me to jump on his back, when I did he ran away and soon left the dwarfs and giants far behind. Late that night I crept back and slew the giant and got the blood. The slaves could do nothing because once the sword was out of their possession they couldn't move.

I then decided to go and get the wine. The only time I could get the wine was when they were drinking some of it because after they had finished one of them swallowed the cup and wine and they were immortal, the fox told me. The fox said he would carry him. Anyone could become invisible when they sat on him if the fox wanted them to. The fox made me invisible and we crept in when they were eating and when one giant was just going to drink the wine from a ruby cup, I rode up and snatched it from the giant. The giants all tried to find us, but they couldn't see and we escaped. We then went to the tower where the witch was imprisoned to get the magic bottle. The only way to get in was by the little window at the top of the tower. We started to climb up but when we were halfway up the witch heard us even though we were invisible and were making hardly any noise, because she had super-hearing. She made some spears and dropped them from the tower but they just passed through us and did no harm because we were transparent as well as invisible. After that we got to the top easily. When the witch saw her bottle going out the window before her very eyes, she got very angry but could do nothing. Then after I got the bottle, I hastened back to the princess and did the things you had to do to free her and then she was free. I had brought back the sword and the cup as well as the other thing.

After that the witch was burnt. Soon the princess and I were married and were very happy together and after my father died we reigned in his place.

James Creery, L.6

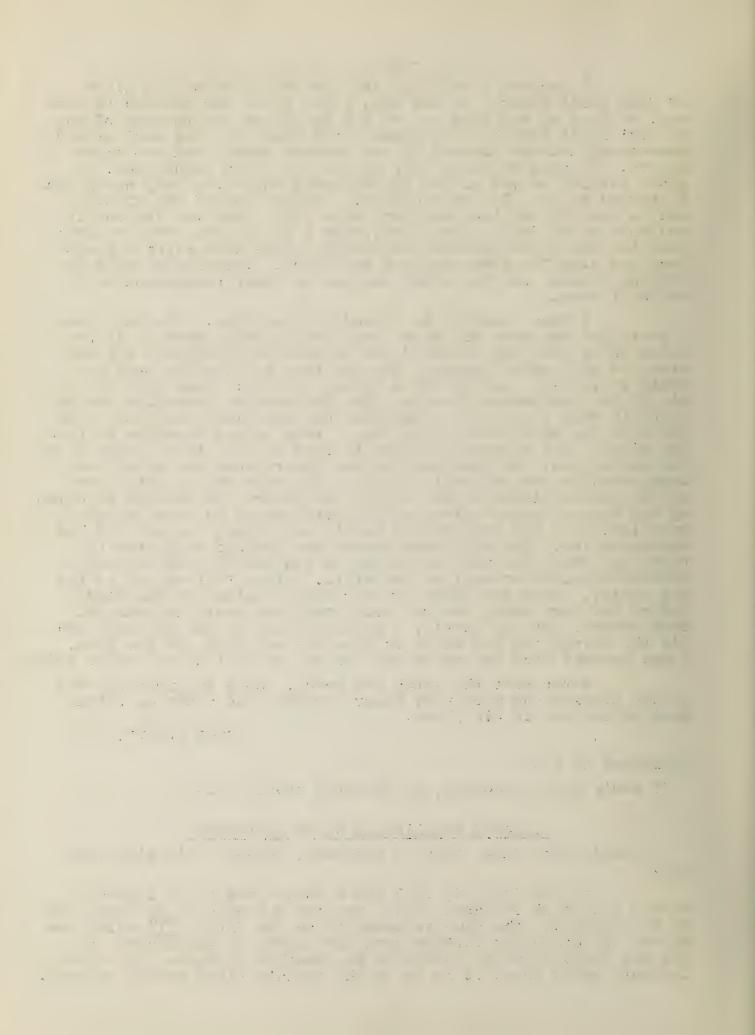
Overheard in L.5

"I can't go to recorder, my eraser's stuck it in.

I Would Not Like to be an Astronaut

I would not like to be a spaceman, because this will tell you.

It was June 10, 1985 and a rocket was to be launched with a man in it to Mars. Today was the day when it was supposed to be launched. The name is going to be the "Atlas $\overline{11}$ ", which was printed in big black letters down the center of the craft. It was the first Canadian rocket to be launched to Mars. The unbelievable thing about it is it is the world's first rocket to Mars.



The count-down began - 10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1, 0! Suddenly you could hear a rumbling that sounded like 50 kettle-cleaners playing like mad and gradually faded away and you could see a speck in the sky. It was about 3,000 miles away from the lunar surface. The engine was going fine and the pilots were not worried, until the engineer slowed down suddenly - the engine had stopped completely! The pilots did all they could do to lower the craft, but did not succeed. They only had one thing:-their microphone! "Come in base, tome in base 204!" What is it?" "This is pocket Atlas II, we have run out of petrol". "This is base 204, we shall send a rescue rocket over, Rodger!"

What an experience that was - that is why I would not like to be a space man.

Michael Kaplan L.4

THE BLIZZARD

One day in Poland in 1956, the air was colder than usual. Outside bits of frozen ice were flying about. After an hour or so of this, queer weather, snow and sleet began to fall in large quantities. Snow started to pile up in the streets. Gradually, the snow covered the fire hydrants. Then in a flash, a bulletin came over the radio, it said: "There is a terrible blizzard coming down from Siberia and it would strike Warsaw in approximately 10 hours and 17 and one half minutes!"

Now there happened to be a strike of the Swedish-American Shipping Corporation, and worst of all, the storm which was to strike Poland had shifted and headed towards Sweden, where we get our wheat, milk and other supplies which are very useful in our daily lives. Now besides all the confusion in Sweden, Warsaw was beginning to feel the effects of the same storm!!!

The houses were beginning to take a terrific beating and the streets were clogged for about 7½ miles! In some places the snow was 8½ feet deep. For three weeks the same weather kept up. Finally the storm swept past and the sun came out. Now while all this was happening, the capitol of Sweden, Stockholm, had lost the shipping business for 4 weeks and had lost a total of \$750,000,000. Supplies were knocked out for 5½ weeks. After two days everything was 0.K. and it never happened again.

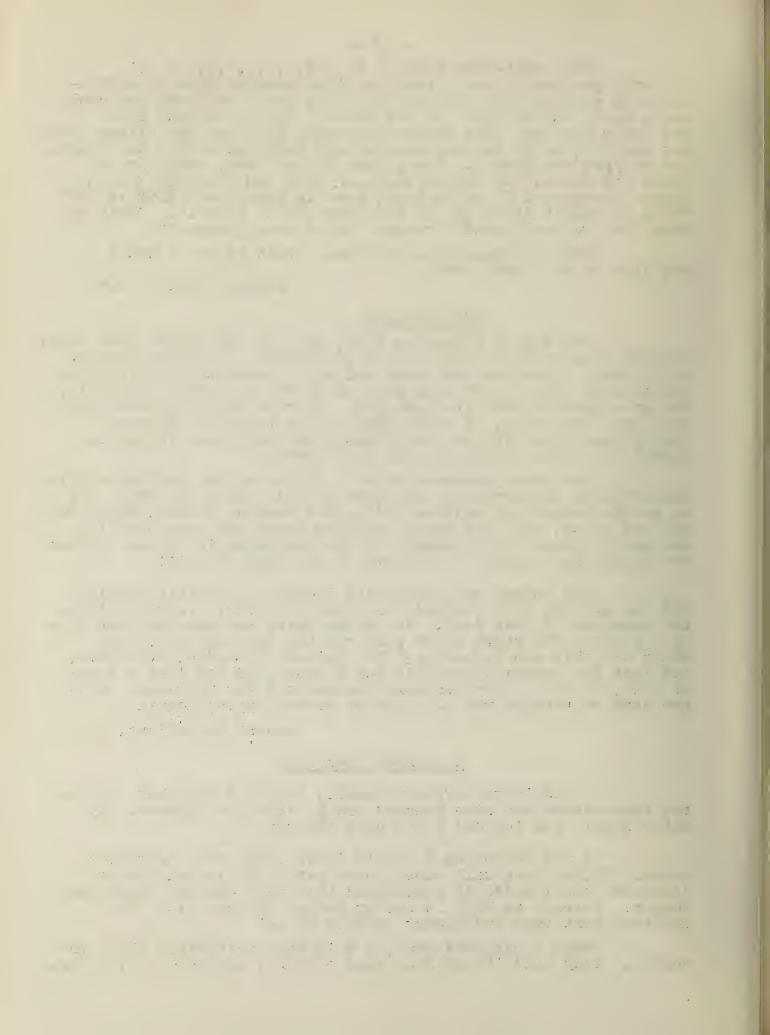
Robert MacLelland, L.4

A STRANGE ADVENTURE

I was in the African Jungle, it was a very hot day and the temperature was nine hundred and ninety-nine degrees. My water supply was low and I was very thirsty.

I was following a lion's footprints when a gigantic animal 100,000 feet tall stood in my path! He looked like a dinosour, but I suddenly remembered that they did not exist any longer. I tried to kill it but my bullet did not hit. The creature bent down and almost gobbled me up!

When I returned home, I told some scientists about the animal. They said it was some kind of rare, modern-day dinosour.



After a couple of years, I again went on an expedition to the African jungle. I finally caught the animal and received a reward of three thousand dollars.

David Hirsch, L.4

THE FUNNY FEELINGS OF LOWER FOUR

Loneliness

When everyone is out of the house,
Anything will cheer me,
Even a mouse.
But when someone unusual
Knocks at the door,
I am happy, and lonely no more
David Hirsch

He loves Jane,
But I love Maine,
Maine is a state
But Jane is a dame.

Michael Monahan

Eagerness

When you are eager,
To seek her,
Never must you be too eager,
Because in the end it is always
the same,
You lose your name and get
the blame.
Michael Monahan

Surprise

I went to the circus,
And I won a prize,
I opened it up,
And had a surprise,
For there, in the package,
A puppy-dog lay.
So I had great fun Christopher
The rest of that day

Happiness

Happiness gives me a funny
feeling,
I often try to climb the
ceiling,
When I fall I do not cry,
I often think I'd like to fly.
When I get the feeling of
happiness,

Is when I've made the house a mess.

Walter J. McPhee

Michael Monahan

Pain

If you have a pain
Call doctor, complain.
He will, I'm sure, give you a cure.
So do not, please, have a pain.

Fright

When I think of fright
I think of the night:
Of ghosts and skeletons far,
Of witches and brooms
Flying over the moon
And their cats guarding the stars.

Allen Finley

Sadness

When I think of sadness,
I also think of gloom,
And then I had a dream
That I was in a dark room.
I pretended it was haunted,
With witches on their brooms,
And there were also ghosts,
In that dark, Gloomy room.

Christopher Birch-Jones and the state of t F : ...

Lower 2 Contributions

When I Grow Up

by James Murwin

When I grow up I would like to be a policeman. A policeman keeps law and order. He directs traffic. He catches bad men.

When I Grow Up

by Brian Medjuck

When I grow up I would like to be an astronomer. Because they study space and Jupiter and they study all sorts of planets.

When I Grow Up

by William Stairs

- 1 When I grow up I want to be a doctor in a hospital.
- 2. A doctor helps poor people.
- 3. A doctor puts stitches in people that need them.

When I Grow Up

by Bill Collings

When I grow up I would like to be a policeman. A policeman keeps law and order, and catches bad men.

When I Grow Up

by James Morris

When I grow up I would like to be a policeman. He directs traffic; he has a motorcycle to get to the police station.

Summer

by Robert Hirsch

We are going to Kedge Lodge this summer. At Kedge we have a cottage. We paddle kayaks, we fish and swim in the lake. Last summer there was a frog mace and our frog came third.

Summer

by Christopher Baker

In the summer I go fishing and swimming. It is lots of fun. The sun shines warmly on my head when I am fishing.

Summer

by Kim Howitt

I like to play baseball in the summer. I would like to build a camp and sleep in it at night and go swimming every day.

Summer

by Robert Finley

Almost everyone likes summer. Some people play football and there is green grass everywhere. I go swimming in my grandfather's pool and sailing on my uncle's boat.

Surprise

Sadness

When I think of sadness,

Oh! a fox is coming, And he is very cunning.

Roar! says the fox

The fox seems to yell like an ox,

That was a close one

I think of sulky faces and triangles and nothing for Christmas.

J. Rhude, L.4

And it was not fun.

He is falling Good, I hope he is bawling Quigley, L.4 Look out! There is a goat!

Michael



A Conversation between the Drum and the Triangle in the Middle of the Night

Once upon a time there was a drum and a triangle. The drum was owned by a boy and the triangle was owned by a girl. The triangle always thought how nice it would be to be a drum and the drum always thought how nice it would be to be a triangle.

They would always talk about the things they did in the day-time and they would start talking at midnight. The drum always started off, by saying who had played him at school. They lived at the Halifax Grammar School on Atlantic Street. The drum would say:-

"I was played by a very nice boy" and the triangle would ask,

"What was his name?" the drum said in reply,

"Michael Dyer" and "he can play very well".

Then the triangle would start its talk:-

"Yes, I saw him playing you and I think he is very smart because he can play you very well." The drum agreed.

"So do I." "How did you get along today? he continued.

"I got along very well, but sometimes a boy would play a wrong note and I got very mad."

"But I thought that director Jamie Steeves as very good", the drum said.

"Yes" said the triangle, "Do did I."

"I thought he helped everyone play a lot. And, sometimes he was doing very funny things when he was conducting" said the triangle.

"I laughed when he used his baton for a moustache", chuckled the drum. "Didn't you?"

"We'd better stop talking now because it's seven o'clock. Good night!." said the triangle to the drum. The drum said,

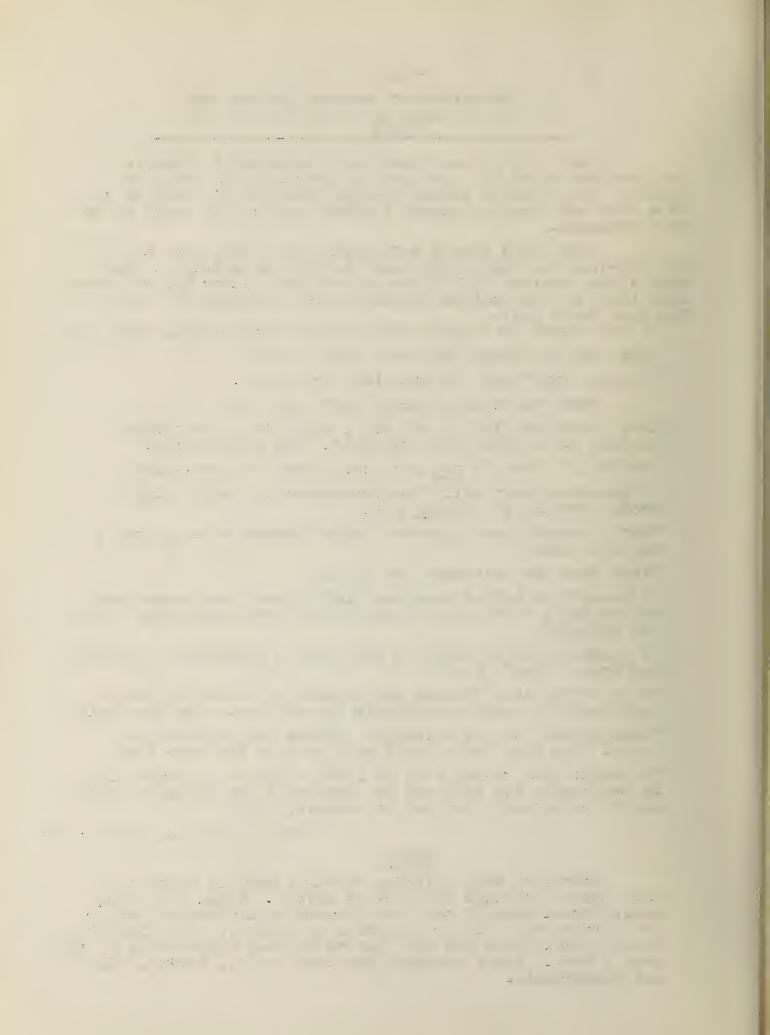
"Good-night!" to the triangle. Before they went to be turned into toys again, they both said at the same time,

"I wonder what to-day will be like." Then they turned into an untalkable toy drum and an untalkable toy triangle belonging to an ordinary boy and an ordinary girl.

Peter Mitchell, Age 9 - L.5

TRAVEL

Travel is very exciting nowadays because there are many modern machines on which to travel. Long, long ago, people never knew if they would reach their destination or not because they had no compasses or engines. They just had to use oars, sails and they had to be good calculators if they used a boat. Boats nowadays are more modern, faster, bigger and comfortable.



In a couple of years maybe we will not have many propellor powered boats but many jet and deisel powered ones.

Cars have also been modernized and some cars are convertible that is that the roofs can fold down. Cars nowadays do not need to be cranked like the ones back in 1897. Now cars can reach speeds of at least one hundred and thirty miles per hour or maybe way faster.

There are now deisel powered trains which are faster and more comfortable than steam and coal operated ones. Two railroad companies in Canada are Ganadian National and Canadian Pacific. In a while trains might be operated by robots instead of men.

Nowadays there are jet powered planes and propellor powered ones which travel all over the world. One airplane company is Trans-World Airliners. The jet powered planes are much more comfortable than the propellor powered ones and the jets are much less noisy.

In a hundred years there will probably be rockets flying to the moon and some planets on schedule. There will probably be submarines on sale for the public and underwater the seas and lakes will be jammed full of submarines. To-day there are a few car-boats which are cars that can travel on water and on roads. There are also plane-boats which can travel on land and in the air. In a while there will probably be things which can travel on land, sea and in the air but this machine would probably cost a small fortune.

There is one thing that many people hope will not happen to travel and that is that men invent robots and the robots do the work for them while the men just sit, sleep and be lazy.

Michael Wynne, L. 6

BLIZZARD IN NORTHERN UNITED STATES

We were going out in a helicopter to find and rescue a pilot and passengers, who had crashed in a "DC-8" somewhere near New York. We were just over New York when there was a sudden gust of wind and snow started coming down like hailstones! We thought we had better turn back, but then we thought we should keep on because most of the people would be dead. We wanted to save as many people as we could so we kept on.

We were above the place where they were expected to have crashed. When we saw the crash, we could not land for it was too rocky and there was too much snow, so we let down the rope ladder and General Shaw and I went down to investigate.

We found that the plane was completely burned and only the crew and a few passengers that were near the door escaped. Some people were injured and we got Sergeant Smith to send down the stretcher that hung on ropes and so got the injured into the "copter". Then everyone else climbed into the helicopter and we all flew home.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Pictures from left to right, top to bottom:-

- 1. "Drat! missed again!"
- 2. Brian Mann, star gymnast.
- 3. "Comfortable?"
- 4. Our future playing field
- 5. Halifax Grammar School vs. Kings' Collegiate.

H.G.S (white) left to right:-

Norman Gosse, George Hawkins, Peter Lynch.

GENERAL REPORT - SPORTS EDITOR

The Halifax Grammar School has completed its fifth year of operation. From the two activities (soccer in the autumn and spring and skating in the winter) in 57-58, we have expanded into seven different sports of which two are compulsory:

We now have: Gym Swimming Soccer

Tennis Hockey Track and Field

Basketball.

The most important of these is the "Gym and Swim" in which every class participates. We have done wrestling, volley-ball, gymnastics in the gymnasium; and in the pool, the younger ones have learned to swim and the older boys have learned life-saving plus some waterpolo occasionally.

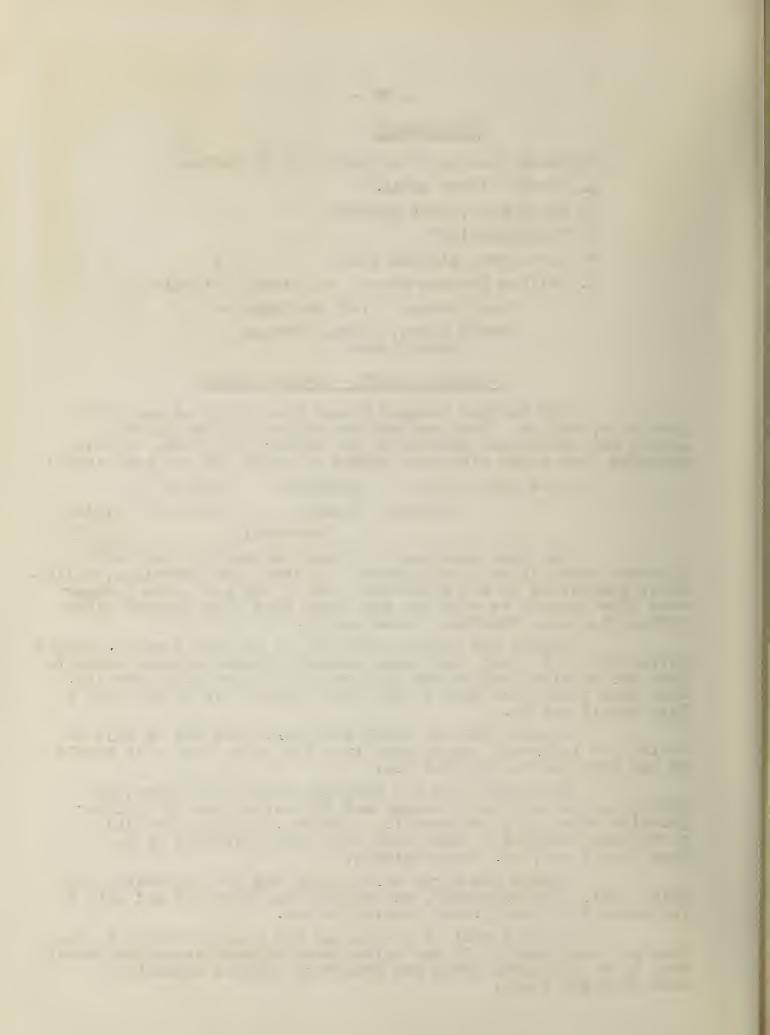
Soccer was played this Fall on the field at St. Mary's University. It could, with some support, become a large activity. It costs nothing, anyone can play and it is very good exercise. Last Fall there were seldom more than twenty boys at St. Mary's. This should not be.

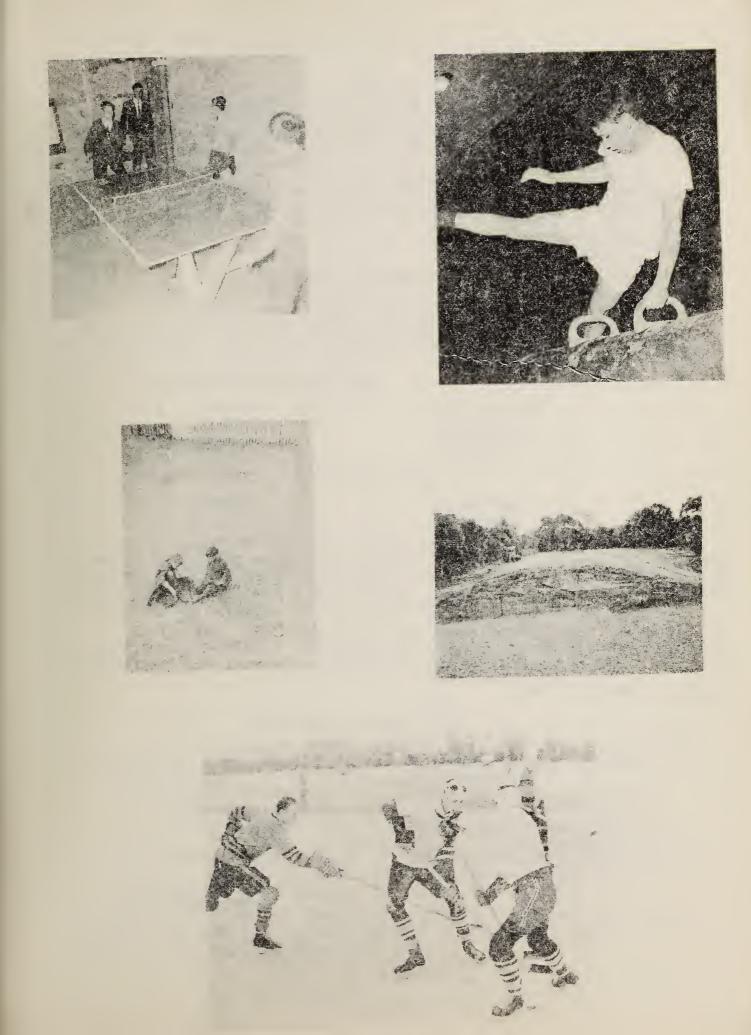
We have had one track and field meet and we will be having our important annual meet in a few weeks time. It should be the best one we have had yet.

Basketball was not very successful this year. The gymnasium was constantly being used for activities of a higher priority than H.G.S. basketball. However, the boys who did participate learned a great deal about the rudiments of the game from coach, Mr. Frank Baldwin.

Tennis was begun this Spring and has apparently gone quite well. Unfortunately, the weather has been bad and only a few games have been played outside as yet.

A great deal of enthusiasm has been generated by the boys playing hockey. It was seldom that anybody missed the weekly trip up to the Civic Arena and everybody enjoyed themselves when they got there.







The boys have developed a fierce ambition to wallop K.C.S. We did the first time and the second we played against teams that were obviously superior to us in ability and age. Next year we plan to take on and defeat any team they can produce.

The Halifax Grammar School has had a successful year in sports. Next year, by our support, let us make it a very successful year.

> Walter Thompson, Sports Editor.

CHESS TOURNAMENT

Mr. Clothier and I arranged a chess tournament in the second term but of the twenty-four entrants four were disqualified. The five rounds of the tournament were played at lunch time and after school.

Second round winners were:

Boswick A. Taylor Hicks Hebbert

J. Beckett Greening Robinson Slayter

Winners of the third round were:

Boswick Hicks

Greening Slayter

The first three rounds were rather straight forward, lasting no more than an hour, but in the fourth round, the longest game of the tournament was played. This game, between Boswick and Hicks, lasted two and a half hours. Boswick was victorious, while Greening beat Slayter in the other game.

The fifth round for the championship was a best two out of three series. Boswick became chess champion of the Halifax Grammar School beating Greening in two straight games.

Tony Williams, U. 11

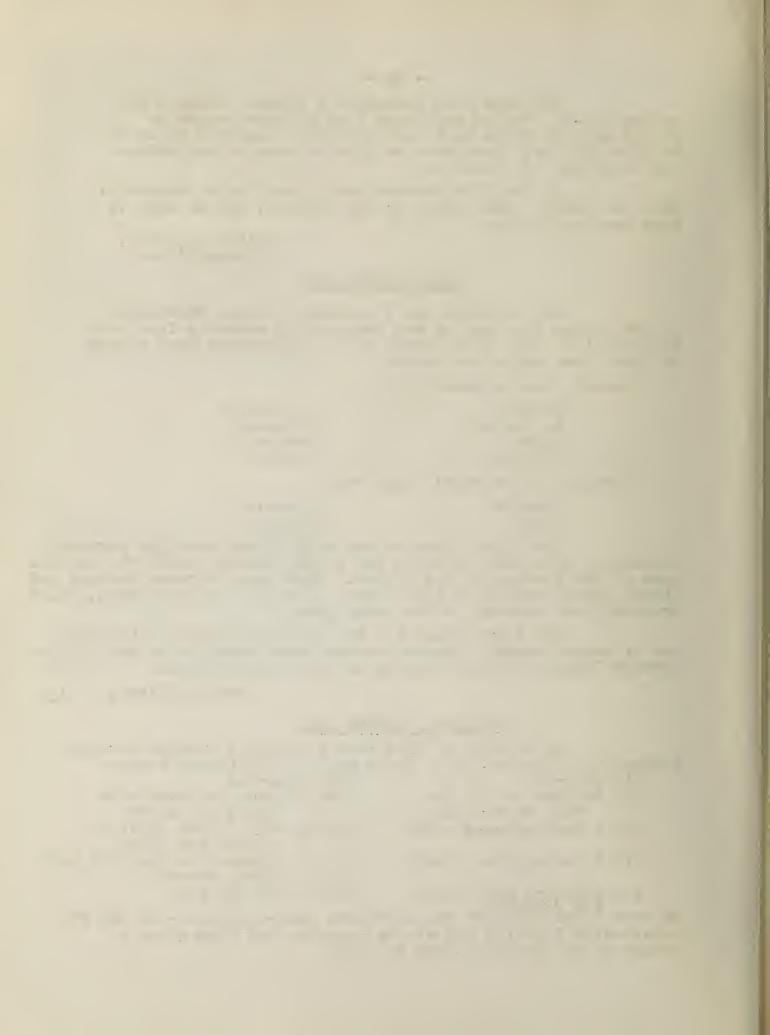
PHYSICAL FITNESS TEST

In January of this year a physical fitness test was conducted at the Y.M.C.A. In it were ten different tests:-

(1) Chin-ups

- (3) Balance on tip toe with eyes closed
- (2) Push-ups(4) Balance on hands with knees on elbows
- (5) A hundred-yard dash
- (6) A ball thrown against a wall for speed
- (7) Standing broad jump
- (8) A combination leg-lift and sit-up exercise
- (10) a 440 yd. run. (9) Medicine ball throw

We have taken three of the maintests chin-ups, push-ups and the combination leg-lift and sit up exercise and have given a resume of the results class by class.



For full marks in each a boy is required to do 10 chin-ups, 20 push-ups and 50 sit-ups. The averages do not include marks above this maximum total.

In L. 2, three can do one and four can do two chin-ups. The average for the class is a bit over two.

The average number of push-ups is 8.8 and the average number of sit-ups is 6.8. Five hoys in this class could not lift their legs and sit up five times.

In L. 3 four boys cannot do a chin-up three can do one and ten can do two. The class average is two.

Their push-ups average 10
Their sit-ups average 6.8.

In L.4 seven boys cannot do a chin-up, four can do only one and ten can do two. The class average is 2.5 chin-ups per boy.

L. 5 Averages:Chin-ups = 2

Push-ups = 14

Sit-ups = 12

Push-ups = 16

Sit-ups = 32

L. 7 (Average age 12 yrs) ought to be ashamed of itself. Nine boys cannot do a chin-up. The average for the class is 1.4 and the highest number is five.

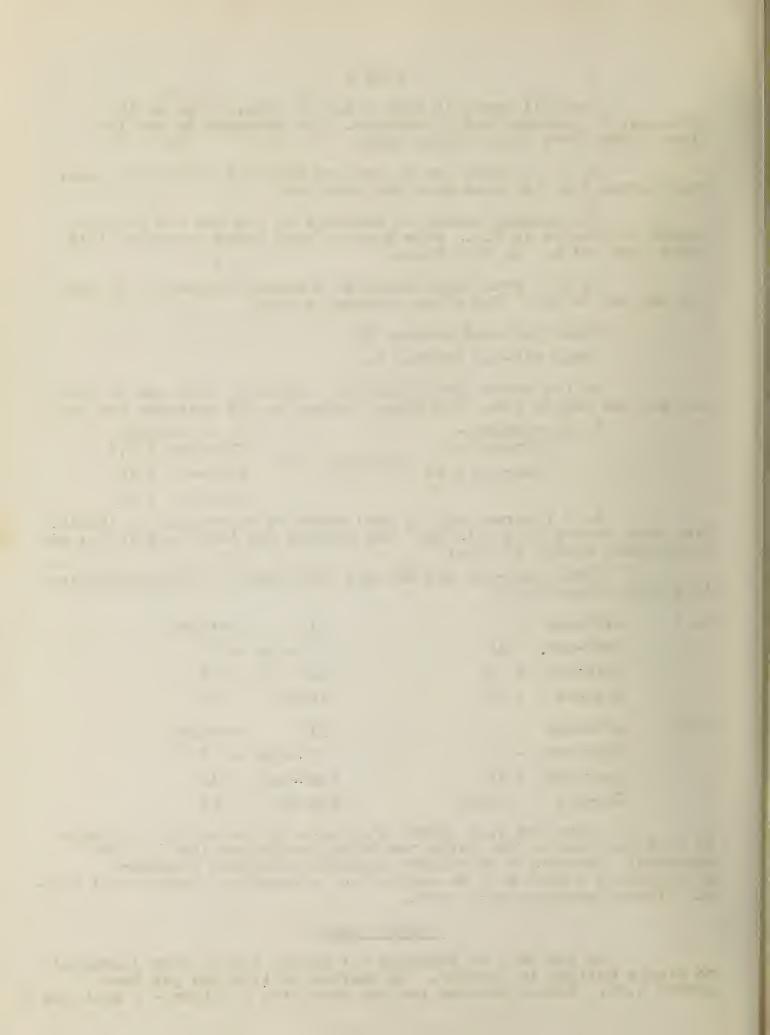
Their push-ups and sit-ups are higher. The averages are 15 and 37 respectively.

U. 1 Averages U.11 Averages Push-ups = 14Chin-ups = 5Chin-ups = 5Push-ups = 15Sit-ups = 25 = 25 Sit-ups U.111 Averages U.1V Averages Chin-ups = 5Chin-ups = 5Push-ups = 16Push-ups = 16Sit-ups = 33.25Sit-ups = 43

There are some pretty weak boys in our school. Perhaps it will be shown in the tests now being carried on that we have improved. However, a compulsory physical education programme of two hours a week will do nothing to increase the strength and overall fitness standing of a youth.

HOCKEY GAME

On the 14th of February our school hockey team journeyed to King's College in Windsor. We started at 1.30 and got home around 6.30. Graeme Bethune led our team with 5 points - 1 goal and 4



assists. Norman Gosse had a hat trick to pace our team in goals.

Graeme Bethune started our scoring in the 1st period. Norman Gosse got his 1st goal later in the period. On goals by Carl Boswick and Pete Lynch in the 2nd period and two goals by K.C.S., the score was 4 - 4 at the end of the 2nd period. At the very end of the third period, King's defense fell apart. Gosse scored his 2nd with 1½ minutes left to play. He scored his 3rd marker right off the face-off, with 9 seconds left. Boswick scored his 2nd at 19.56 of the third period. The score then was 7 - 4 for us: and that's how it ended.

King's first goalie was the backbone of the team during the first moments of the game. Wally Thompson made some spectacular saves during the game. Finally, I would like to thank Dr. Bethune for treating us to a little snack after the game.

HALIFAX BOWS TO KINGS

K.C.S. of Windsor defeated a determined Halifax squad 4 - 3 in an exhibition bantam game. At the beginning of the game K.C.S. did not seem to get organized and Jamie Kitchen took advantage of it with a wrist shot in the upper right hand corner. A few minutes later, Poole-Warren tied it up for the visitors. With a few minutes left in the first period Nicholson put K.C.S. ahead 2 - 1.

Early in the second period, Robinson skated in all alone and faked outed goalie Phil Carr-Harris very nicely to put Kings in front for good. Half-way through the period Poole- Warren accounted for his second goal of the game with a scramble around the net.

At the seven minute mark of the third period, Peter Lynch let his shot go from the blue line and caught the top corner of the net to make the score 4 - 2. Shortly afterwards Norman Gosse, playing the point position sent the puck past the K.C.S. goalie to make the final score 4 - 3. The highlight of the third period was when Poole-Warren skated in on the empty Halifax net and hit the post with his shot. Phil Carr-Harris played a tremendous game and if we get another chance at Kings, I know we all would like to see him back in the cage

The starting line-upP

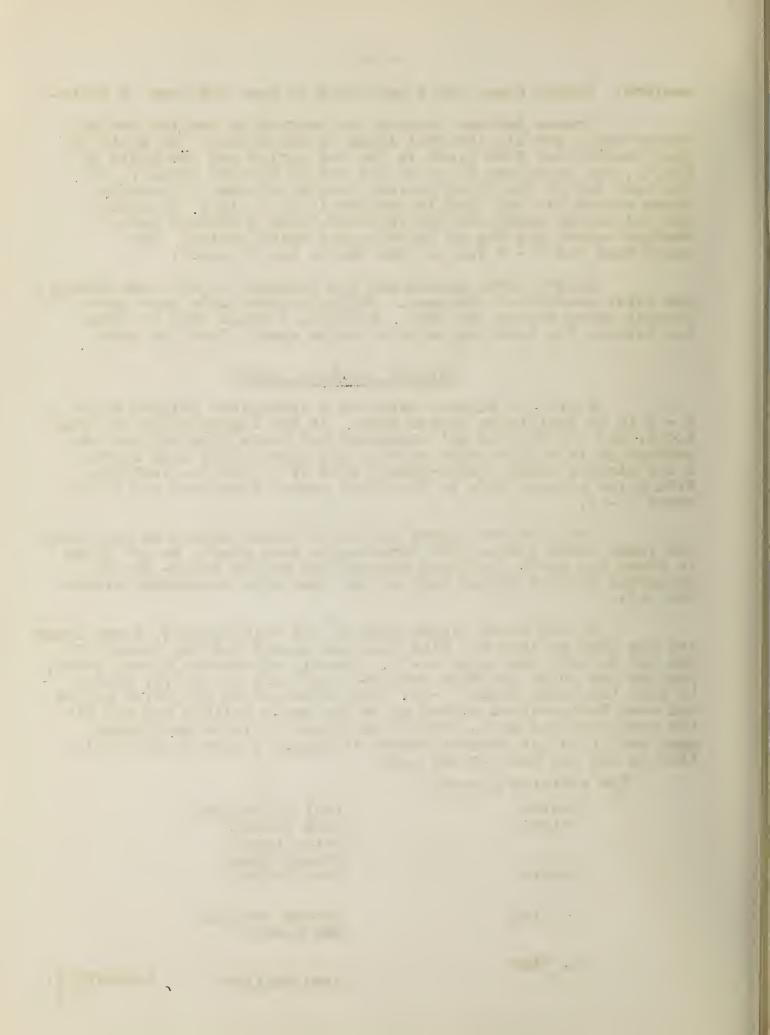
Goalie Defence Centre

R. Wing

Phil Carr-Harris John Burkart Peter Lynch Norman Gosse Drew Bethune

George Hawkins Dan Scouler

L. Wing



UNICORN WINS SWIM-MEET

On Friday the twenty-fourth of May, the school held its annual swim-meet in which Unicorn took top honors while Bluenose and Hector tied for second and Shannon placed last.

In the eight and under division, Christopher vonMaltzahn took firsts in the three width swim for Unicorn and in the one length crawl: Morris and Slayter for Hector took firsts in the Underwater Contest and one length backstroke respectively.

James Steeves placed first for Hector in the nine to eleven division one length crawl and one length breaststroke or butterfly. Neal placed first for Unicorn in the one length backstroke.

Chris Rice for Unicorn placed first in the twelve and thirteen year old two length crawl, while Ron Mann won the two length backstroke for Bluenose and Josenhans won the two length breastroke or buttefly.

D'arcy Delamere of Unicorn for the 14 Division took top honours in the two length crawl and two length breaststroke or butterfly. Bill Barker won the two lengths backstroke for Bluenose. Chris Robinson won the Junior Underwater Swim and Bruce Hebbert won the Senior.

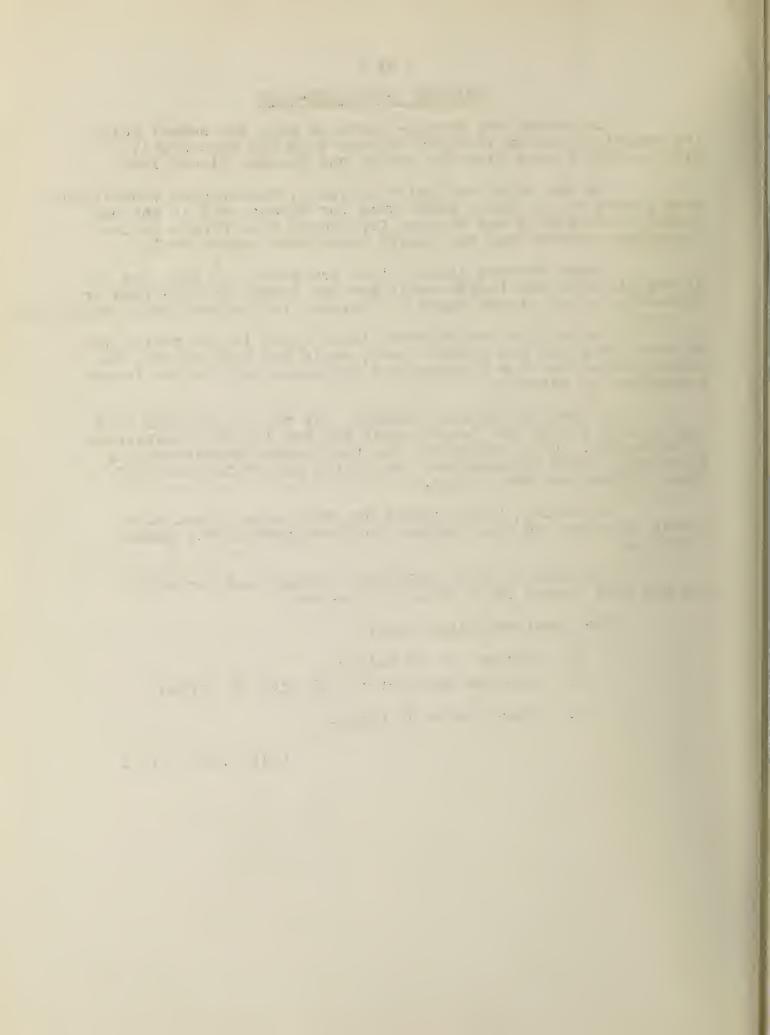
In diving, Toby Norwood won the Junior Event with D'arcy Delamere and Rick German tied for first in the Senior Division.

The team of Rice, Delamere, Hebbert and MacLachlan won the four length relay race for Unicorn.

The final standings were:-

- 1. Unicorn 72 points
- 2. Bluenose and Hector each with 50 points
- 3. Shannon with 32 points.

Bill Black, U. 11



FAREWELL - AND THANK-YOU

- is returning to the West Indies. Thank you for all your help in Mathematics and Science, and on the sports field. Our best wishes go with you and your family.

Miss Judy Sayer

- is returning to England. Your interest in the Pestalozzi Project has broadened our knowledge. We hope that you will enjoy your new school.

Mrs. Hilary Grant

- is going to England with her children for an extended summer holiday. Your interest in birds will be remembered long after you have left us.

Mr. Hambrick and Mr. Whitehead have helped us on a part-time basis. Thank-you and good wishes.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We are always grateful for gifts to the school and wish to thank the following:-

Dr. Epstein - (National Geographic Magazine)

Mr. & Mrs. Greening - Records. Dr. Hardie - Books

Mrs. Neale - Books Dr. Burnstein - Records

Lt. Colonel and Mrs. Clarkson - Records

Mr. & Mrs. Schwartz - Seed for our bird trays.

Anonymous - Film Projector

Parents' Group - Library books and tables

Mrs. David Glass - Books

Our thanks are also extended to Mrs. Smith who put up with much inconvenience in order to type out the "Grammarian"

If we have over-looked expressing our appreciation specifically for any of the contributions of materials and time which have been made by generous parents, we trust it will be credited to over-sight.

The staff of the Grammarian is very grateful to Mr. Kitchen from Seaman-Cross, Ltd. for duplicating the magazine. We would also like to thank Mr. Wilmot, who gave us much of his valuable time to help with the pictures.

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